

SEP 16 1944

FERTILISERS: DR. BUNTING REPLIES TO SIR A. HOWARD

# COUNTRY LIFE

On Sale Friday  
AUGUST 18, 1944

ONE SHILLING & SIXPENCE



JOY OF HARVEST: SOUTH OXFORDSHIRE

E. Leslie Gunton

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Under Personal and Miscellaneous 2/- per line, Other headings 1/6. (Min. 3 lines)

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**OTHER PROPERTY AND AUCTIONS**

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# COUNTRY LIFE

VOL. XCVI. No. 2483

AUGUST 18, 1944

## KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY

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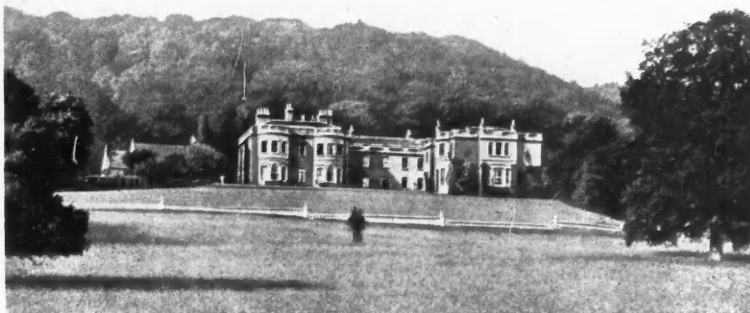
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Hall and cloakroom. 2 reception rooms, 4 bedrooms, bathroom. Domestic offices. Garage. SOUTH ASPECT. ALL MAIN SERVICES. Matured, well-stocked garden.

### ABOUT HALF AN ACRE

THE WHOLE PROPERTY IN EXCELLENT ORDER

Let for £125 per annum. Tenant paying rates.

For SALE by AUCTION (unless previously sold privately), at the SWAN HOTEL, THE PANTILES, TUNBRIDGE WELLS, on WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 23rd, 1944, at 3 o'clock.

Illustrated particulars (price 6d. each) from the Auctioneers: JACKSON STOPS AND STAFF, 8, Hanover Street, London, W.1 (Mayfair 3316/7); and at Northampton, Leeds, Cirencester and Yeovil. Solicitors: Messrs. MORGAN AND HARRISON, Parliament Mansions, Abbey Orchard Street, Westminster, S.W.1 (Abbey 7176).

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### GENTLEMAN'S HOUSE

in a pleasant old village.

6 main bedrooms, 3 staff, 3 bathrooms, lounge, hall, dining and drawing rooms, domestic offices, with Esse cooker.

PLEASURE AND KITCHEN GARDENS.

FINE RANGE OF 15 HUNTER BOXES. GARAGES (3).

TWO EXCELLENT COTTAGES. Paddock

about 6 ACRES

MAIN SERVICES. CENTRAL HEATING.

TELEPHONE AND SEPTIC TANK DRAINAGE.

EARLY VACANT POSSESSION.

PRICE £26,500 FREEHOLD

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Magnificent isolation. 1 mile from Village with Church and Post Office. 5½ Dulverton

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in a hunting and fishing district, 600 ft. up.

### PLEASANT SMALL OLD HOUSE

5 bed, 2 bath, drawing and dining rooms, study, kitchen with Aga.

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7½ ACRES

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5 miles from Dorchester, in a fishing district.

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with a lovely MODERN HOUSE in it

5 principal bedrooms, 3 dressing rooms, 2 maids' bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, breakfast, dining and drawing rooms. Kitchen with Aga.

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2 PADDOCKS.

11½ ACRES £12,000 FREEHOLD

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10 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms, excellent domestic offices. Electric light. Partial central heating. Fitted basins (h. & c.) in some rooms.

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Excellent train services.



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10 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, 3 reception and billiards rooms. MAIN SERVICES. CENTRAL HEATING. STABLING. GARAGE. FARMERY. 2 COTTAGES. PLEASURE GROUNDS, ETC., OF

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# KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY



## PERTHSHIRE

A MILE OF SALMON AND TROUT FISHING IN RIVER TAY

Occupying a fine position facing South and overlooking the valley, the **EXTREMELY WELL-FITTED HOUSE** is built of red freestone, part of which dates back about 300 years.

It is approached by two drives, each with a lodge at entrance, and contains: Entrance and inner halls, lounge and 3 public rooms, 8 principal bedrooms, 2 dressing-rooms, 3 bathrooms, 4 servants' bedrooms and a bathroom.

Central heating throughout. Co's electric light. Telephone. Water from spring. Septic tank drainage. Garage for 4 cars. 2 rooms for Manservant.

THE GARDENS AND GROUNDS include hard tennis court, summer-house, fruit and vegetable garden, park and woodland.

About 40 ACRES. FOR SALE FREEHOLD. Golf.

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**FIRST-RATE FARM OF 250 ACRES**  
with vacant possession

FARMHOUSE contains 5 bedrooms, 2 sitting-rooms, 2 bathrooms. Main electric light and water. Telephone.

Extensive range of Farmbuildings including modern cow-sheds for 40, Dutch barn, covered yards, stabling, etc. 4 Cottages.

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WITH ORCHARDS, RANGE OF GLASSHOUSES & MODEL PIGGERIES.  
Attractive small House with 2 reception rooms, 4 bedrooms, bathroom.

Electric light and Company's water.

Brick and tile farmbuildings including cow-house for 15, barns, stabling and modern pigsties with pedigree herd. Brick and weather-tiled cottage.

FOR SALE FREEHOLD, £8,000

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8 miles from Henley, 12 from Reading, 3½ miles Wallingford Station, frequent service buses pass the property.

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GOOD CORN GROWING AND SPORTING FARM OF ABOUT  
150 ACRES

With 135 acres arable and some pasture with 3 acres woodlands.

#### ATTRACTIVE FARMHOUSE

part old with old oak, completely modernised in excellent order.

5 bedrooms, 4 reception rooms, modern bathroom, usual offices, electric light, good water supply. Useful range of outbuildings, 3 Dutch barns, bungalow (3 rooms, kitchen, bath) etc., etc.

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Usual Tenant Right Valuations. Or would be sold, lock, stock and barrel.

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MESSRS. NICHOLAS HAVE NOW ON THEIR REGISTERS A NUMBER OF PURCHASERS WHO ARE ACTIVELY SEEKING PROPERTIES IN BERKSHIRE AND NEIGHBOURING COUNTIES. Their requirements vary from 5 to 10 or 12 bedrooms, 3 to 4 reception rooms and usual amenities. POSSESSION REQUIRED EITHER IMMEDIATELY OR AFTER THE CLOSE OF HOSTILITIES.

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CHIPPING  
NORTON  
39

### NORTH OXFORDSHIRE

Between Banbury and Chipping Norton

#### AN EXCEPTIONALLY PLEASING STONE-BUILT COTSWOLD MANOR HOUSE

occupying a rural but not isolated position, skilfully modernised to form a most comfortable and charming home, and retained in good order by the vendors during their 28 years of occupation.

3 SITTING ROOMS, WELL-PLANNED DOMESTIC OFFICES, 5 PRINCIPAL BEDROOMS, 4 MAIDS' BEDROOMS, 3 BATHROOMS. MAIN ELECTRIC LIGHT. GOOD WATER SUPPLY. TELEPHONE. CENTRAL HEATING.

Stone-built and tiled garages and stabling.

Gardener's cottage (a second cottage is possibly available)

SIMPLY-DESIGNED GROUNDS AND PROLIFIC KITCHEN GARDEN, TOGETHER WITH LARGE Paddock. IN ALL ABOUT

7 ACRES

FOR SALE FREEHOLD

Recommended by JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK, of Oxford.

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Didcot Station 2½ miles.

AN ATTRACTIVE OLD VILLAGE HOUSE. 3 sitting-rooms, 5 principal bedrooms, 3 attic bedrooms, bathroom. Main electric light, main water supply, main drainage. Partial central heating. Garage, stabling, and picturesque old barn. Pretty garden and orchard, in all about 1½ ACRES. PRICE FREEHOLD, £4,150

VACANT POSSESSION.

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Henley 6 miles.

A CHOICE SMALL RESIDENTIAL FARM. Picturesque Farmhouse (part 400 years old). 3 sitting-rooms, office, 5 bedrooms, bathroom. Electric light from private plant. Good water supply. Telephone. Cottage. Ample farmbuildings. Approximately 150 ACRES. PRICE FREEHOLD £9,000, or Lock, Stock and Barrel, £12,000

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Llandudno, Queen of Welsh Watering Places.

## THE FREEHOLD MARINE RESIDENCE, VILLA MARINA

Magnificently situated with panoramic views of the Bay and Welsh Mountains.



Built regardless of cost, the house is luxuriously fitted and labour saving throughout.

Lounge, 30 ft. by 18 ft. 2 reception rooms, 8 bedrooms (fitted hand basins), 3 bathrooms.

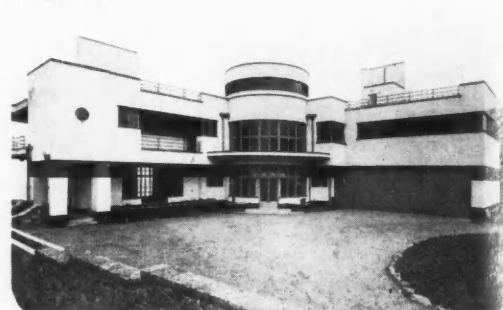
Central heating. All main services.

GARAGE, TERRACED LAWNS, CIRCULAR PAVILION WITH CHANGING ROOMS FOR BATHING AND GATE TO THE BEACH.

A UNIQUE EXAMPLE OF MODERN ARCHITECTURE.

**FOR SALE BY PRIVATE TREATY**

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On Salcombe Hill, Sidmouth.

The late Lady Lockyer's Estate occupying a magnificent position with land and sea views.



**Lot 1: The Marine Residence** built in 1910, containing: 4 reception rooms; 8 bedrooms (fitted basins); 4 bathrooms. Garage. Central heating, electric light. Together with about 12 1/4 Acres.  
**Lot 2:** Accommodation land of about 10 Acres.  
**Lot 3:** Orchard and pasture of just over 5 1/2 Acres, suitable for development.  
**Lot 4:** Leigh Cottage with walled garden (at present let).  
**Lot 5:** Walled-in garden of about 4 1/2 poles.

To be offered by AUCTION on the Premises on WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1944, unless previously sold by private treaty.

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BISHOP'S STORTFORD (243.)

By Order of Executors of Mrs. Peacock, deceased.

## 330 FT. UP WITH EXQUISITE VIEWS IN FAVOURITE PART OF SOMERSET

Trout fishing and shooting available. Golf within easy reach. Hunting with two Packs.

## COOMBE HILL HOUSE, BRUTON DELIGHTFUL FREEHOLD RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY PROVIDING COMFORTABLE GEORGIAN RESIDENCE

containing: Halls, 3 reception rooms, 6 family and guests and 3 servants' bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, complete offices. Own and company's electric light. Part central heating. Company's water. Modern drainage.

GARDENER'S COTTAGE. GARAGES. STABLING. MAN'S ROOM, Etc. Intensely pretty gardens, grounds, kitchen garden and meadowland, in all over

**14 ACRES**

With Vacant Possession. Also

**DETACHED COTTAGE STANDING IN OWN GARDEN WITH POSSIBLE EARLY POSSESSION.**

**FOR SALE BY AUCTION** as a whole or in two lots, on the premises on WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 23, 1944, at 1 p.m. unless sold privately beforehand.

Solicitors: Messrs. ROYDS RAWSTORNE & CO., Bedford Square, London, W.C.2. Auctioneers: HAMPTON & SONS, LTD., 6, Arlington Street, S.W.1. Tel.: REG. 8222

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(1/6 per line. Min. 3 lines.)

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**HANTS-DORSET BORDERS** WATH COTTAGE (formerly Damer), Damerham, near Fordingbridge, the residence of the late Lady Eyre Cote. In a picturesque village of an excellent sporting district. 6 bed (fitted lav. basins and radiators), 3 reception. Small attractive garden. Vacant possession. AUCTION SEPTEMBER 1. Details from **A. T. MORLEY HEWITT, F.S.I., F.A.I.,** Fordingbridge (Tel. 2121), or Jackson & Sons, Solicitors, Fordingbridge.

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## WANTED

**COUNTRY** preferred. R.A.F. officer urgently requires a small house or cottage for wife and child (2 years). Furnished or part. Careful tenant.—Box 124.

**COUNTRY.** Wanted, superior House, within 20 miles of Stoke-on-Trent.—**T. H. PRALL, The Gable House, Harrowby Drive, Newcastle, Staffs.**

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**COTSWOLD MANOR ESTATE** for sale privately with possession by arrangement. Gabled Stone Residence, 4 reception rooms, billiards room, 10 principal bed and dressing rooms, 6 bathrooms, servants' bedrooms and domestic offices, all modern conveniences. Delightful gardens and grounds. Manager's house and five cottages; model farm buildings, pasture and arable land, in all about 100 acres, with trout fishing.—Further particulars from MESSRS. TAYLER & FLETCHER, Stow-on-the-Wold, Glos.

## FOR SALE

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## WEST SUSSEX

*In a delightful position high up, facing south and commanding lovely views*AN ATTRACTIVE SMALL RESIDENTIAL  
ESTATE INCLUDING A GEORGIAN PERIOD  
HOUSE

seated amidst parklike surroundings



reception, billiards room, 9 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms.

Electric Light. Main Water.

Central Heating.

Cottages, stabling, delightful gardens and grounds with  
bath, open-air swimming bath, walled kitchen garden,  
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by river, in all about 120 ACRES.

For Sale by OSBORN &amp; MERCER.

(16,100)

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Between Aylesbury and Buckingham, convenient  
for Main Line Station to LondonSheltered situation in rural country—For Sale  
AN UP-TO-DATE COUNTRY HOUSE  
OF CHARACTER

Main electricity and water. Central heating

Lounge hall, 3 reception, dozen bedrooms, 3 bathrooms.

Hunter Stabling. Farmery. 3 Cottages.

Very Pleasant Gardens. Excellent Pasture.

Hard Tennis Court. Squash Court.

24 ACRES

Agents: OSBORN & MERCER. Inspected and highly  
recommended. (16,730)

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*In a choice position on high ground commanding extensive  
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A WELL-BUILT MODERN HOUSE

erected under the supervision of a well-known  
architect.With lounge hall, 4 reception rooms, sun lounge, 8 bed and  
dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms.Main Services. 2 Garages. Stabling for 5.  
Tastefully laid-out gardens, tennis lawn, orchard, kitchen  
garden, woodland, etc. In all

ABOUT 3½ ACRES

FOR SALE FREEHOLD

NOTE: A nearby cottage could be purchased if required.  
Full details from OSBORN & MERCER, as above. (17,452)

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*Within a few minutes' walk of Outlands Park, near to a bus  
route and within convenient reach of the station.*A DELIGHTFUL MODERN HOUSE  
OCCUPYING A SPLENDID POSITION OBTAINING  
THE MAXIMUM AMOUNT OF SUN

Hall, 4 reception rooms, 8 bedrooms, 2 baths.

ALL MAIN SERVICES

GARAGE

Charming well laid out garden in splendid order and  
extending to ABOUT 1 ACRE

PRICE FREEHOLD £7,500

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TO TRUSTEES, COLLEGIATE SOCIETIES, HOSPITAL BENEVOLENT AND SIMILAR FUNDS

## A FIRST-CLASS AGRICULTURAL INVESTMENT

NO LARGE RESIDENCE

IN 2 BLOCKS, COMPRISING ABOUT 1,773 ACRES, AND PRODUCING AN INCOME OF APPROX. £2,622 PER ANNUM

ALL SOUND LAND LET TO ESTABLISHED TENANTS

ATTRACTIVE OLD SUPERIOR FARMHOUSES

IN THE WELL-KNOWN GOLDEN VALLEY

THREE FARMS, ONE WITH FINE PERIOD HOUSE, HOMESTEADS AND BUILDINGS, SEVERAL SMALLHOLDINGS, COTTAGES AND  
92 ACRES OF WOODLAND WITH GOOD TIMBER. SMALL TITHE AND LAND TAX £85 PER ANNUM ... .. 1,052 ACRES £1,349

IN THE UPPER WYE VALLEY, 12 MILES FROM HEREFORD

THREE FARMS WITH HOMESTEADS AND BUILDINGS, SEVERAL SMALLHOLDINGS AND COTTAGES AND NEARLY 50 ACRES OF  
WOODLAND WITH GOOD TIMBER. TITHE AND LAND TAX £119 10s. 0d. PER ANNUM ... .. 721 ACRES £1,273  
1,773 ACRES £2,622

FOR SALE BY PRIVATE TREATY. Plans, particulars and arrangements for viewing of the joint Sole Agents:

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## READING, BASINGSTOKE &amp; NEWBURY

*Near village and shops. Few minutes' walk from 'bus routes*DISTINCTIVE MODERN RESIDENCE OF CHARACTER  
IN DELIGHTFUL SETTING7 bedrooms, with fitted basins, 2 bathrooms, lounge dining room, 40 ft. x 18 ft., sitting  
room, sun parlour, compact up-to-date offices.

Central heating. Electric light and power. Artesian well water. Modern sanitation.

STABLING. GARAGE AND COTTAGE.

BEAUTIFULLY TIMBERED GROUNDS A FEATURE. Tennis court.  
Swimming pool. Kitchen garden and cultivated land in all about

12 ACRES FREEHOLD £8,500

EARLY VACANT POSSESSION

Inspected and highly recommended by the Owners Joint Agents: Messrs. TOMLIN  
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EARLY GEORGIAN OR QUEEN ANNE HOUSE

WITH 12 TO 14 BEDROOMS

MUST BE IN FIRST-CLASS CONDITION

LAND FROM 500 TO 3,000 ACRES

A GOOD PRICE WILL BE PAID FOR SUITABLE ESTATE

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## WILSON & CO.

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By Order of Executors.  
**LOVELY POSITION ADJOINING A SURREY COMMON**  
*Enjoying perfect seclusion, only 16 miles from London. CLOSE TO WALTON HEATH GOLF COURSE.*



### BEAUTIFULLY APPOINTED MODERN HOUSE

IN FIRST-RATE ORDER; EVERY MODERN CONVENIENCE. TASTEFULLY DECORATED.  
14 bed and dressing rooms, 4 bathrooms. Lounge hall. 3 reception rooms.  
Lodge. Garages and flat.

LOVELY PLEASURE GROUNDS  
with fine old trees. Hard court. Walled kitchen garden.

EXCELLENT SMALL HOME FARM WITH COTTAGES AND CAPITAL BUILDINGS  
(Let) CHARMING BUNGALOW RESIDENCE at present Let

The whole estate extends to about  
**57 ACRES**

but the house would be SOLD with SMALLER AREA with VACANT POSSESSION and the majority of the FURNITURE COULD BE PURCHASED

Sole Agents: WILSON & Co., 23, Mount Street, W.1.

**LOVELY POSITION. SURREY HILLS**  
*High up with beautiful views. 17 miles London.*



**ARCHITECT-BUILT MODERN HOUSE OF CHARACTER** in first-rate order and extremely well-appointed. 9 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, 4 reception. Main services. Radiators. Garage and flat. Beautifully timbered gardens of singular charm.

**3 ACRES £7,000 WITH POSSESSION**  
FURTHER 3 ACRES AND COTTAGE IF REQUIRED.  
Agents: WILSON & Co., 23, Mount Street, W.1.

## LOFTS & WARNER

41, BERKELEY SQ., LONDON, W.1. Gro. 3056.

### DORSET

*Near the Somerset Border.*

**FREEHOLD AGRICULTURAL ESTATE ABOUT 700 ACRES**

INCLUDING

**4 DAIRY FARMS WITH BUILDINGS**

**ACCOMMODATION LAND AND HOLDINGS, PRODUCING OVER £1,000 PER ANNUM**

IN EXCELLENT HUNTING COUNTRY. SHOOTING OVER THE PROPERTY.

(OUTGOINGS: TITHE AND LAND TAX ABOUT £120 PER ANNUM)

Principals and their Agents can obtain particulars of the Managing Agents, Messrs. LOFTS & WARNER, Land Agents, 41, Berkeley Square, London, W.1. (Gro. 3056).

## F. L. MERCER & CO.

SACKVILLE HOUSE, 40, PICCADILLY, W.1

Regent 2481

**'Twixt TAUNTON and DORSET COAST**  
*750 ft. up. Panoramic views.*

**MODERN HOUSE** (3 reception, 4 bed, 2 bath). 3-roomed Cottage. Garage, outbuildings. Charming garden. Paddocks. **22½ ACRES. FREEHOLD. £26,500.** Possession.—F. L. MERCER & Co., 40, Piccadilly, W.1. (Entrance in Sackville Street.) Tel.: Regent 2481.

**Exors. Surrey Offer at Half Cost**  
*Between Guildford and Farnham, 'midst exquisite country.*  
**ELIZABETHAN-STYLE RESIDENCE.** 3 reception, billiards, 10 bed, fitted basins, 3 bathrooms. Central heating. Main services. Cottage, 3-car garage. Beautiful gardens and paddocks. **18 ACRES. £11,500.** F. L. MERCER & Co., Sackville House, 40, Piccadilly, W.1. (Entrance in Sackville Street.) Tel.: Regent 2481.

### OVERLOOKING THE DART

*Devon beauty spot.*

**SPLENDIDLY PLACED MODERN HOUSE**, facing south-east, near town and station. 4 bed, bath, oak-panelled hall, 2 reception. All main services. 2 garages. Small old cottage. Terrace gardens, apple orchard, **1½ ACRES. £3,500.** Post-war possession. F. L. MERCER & Co., Sackville House, 40, Piccadilly, W.1. (Entrance in Sackville Street.) Tel.: Regent 2481.

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*Between Norwich and Diss.*



**FOR SALE. THIS BEAUTIFUL BRICK-BUILT XIVth-CENTURY RESIDENCE**, convenient for main line station and village. 8 bedrooms, bath, 3 large reception rooms. Garage. Farmery. Cottage. Mill building (let). Electric light. Old gardens and land, **34 ACRES. £4,250. FREEHOLD.**—F. L. MERCER AND Co., Sackville House, 40, Piccadilly, W.1. (Entrance in Sackville Street.) Tel.: Regent 2481.

**Between REIGATE and THREE BRIDGES**  
*Facing south.*

**OAK-BEAMED AND PANELLED TUDOR HOUSE**, in beautiful gardens and paddocks, **12 ACRES.** 7 bed (bunks), bath, 3 reception, parquet floors. Main services. Central heating. Garages, 2 cottages. **£9,500 OR OFFER. FREEHOLD.** Possession after the war. F. L. MERCER & Co., Sackville House, 40, Piccadilly, W.1. (Entrance in Sackville Street.) Tel.: Regent 2481.

**Sussex Downs. Lewes-Haywards Heath**  
**£4,500**

**FINELY POSITIONED MODERN HOUSE** with due South aspect. 5 bed, 2 bath, square hall, 2 reception. Main services. Garage. Productive garden **1½ ACRES.** F. L. MERCER & Co., Sackville House, 40, Piccadilly, W.1. (Entrance in Sackville Street.) Tel.: Regent 2481.

### BISHOP'S STORTFORD, HERTS

*One hour London.*

**HENRY VIIIth HOUSE.** Wealth oak timber, panelling, lattice windows. Lounge, 3 reception, 5 bed, 2 bath. main services. Central heating. Garage. Walled-in gardens, lawns, ornamental pond, etc. **£5,250.** Possession. F. L. MERCER & Co., Sackville House, 40, Piccadilly, W.1. (Entrance in Sackville Street.) Tel.: Regent 2481.

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### BRIDGETTS FARM, MARTYR WORTHY

*3½ Miles from Winchester.*

**Of about 1,035 ACRES**

GOOD FARMHOUSE. UP-TO-DATE BUILDINGS. 18 COTTAGES. COMPANIES' WATER AND ELECTRICITY.

FARM LANDS LET TO EXCELLENT TENANT. WOODS AND SPORTING RIGHTS IN HAND.

**For SALE by AUCTION, SEPTEMBER 19, 1944**

Particulars (Price 2/-) from the joint Auctioneers, Messrs. GUDGEON & SONS, The Auction Mart, Winchester, and Messrs. JAMES HARRIS & SON Jewry Chambers, Winchester. (Tel.: 2451).

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# JOHN D. WOOD & CO.

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(10 lines)

By Direction of the Executors of the late Sir John Piggot-Brown.

## SURREY—ON LEITH HILL

### THE BROOME HALL ESTATE, COLDHARBOUR, NEAR DORKING

ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL ESTATES IN SURREY

About 835 ACRES

COMPRISING

#### BROOME HALL (now requisitioned)

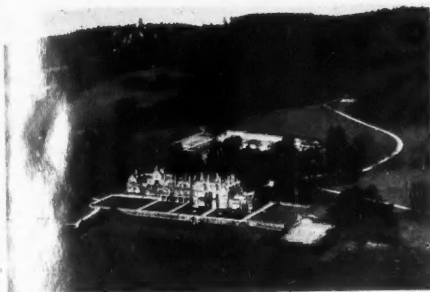
A FINE STONE-BUILT MANSION (6 reception rooms, 27 bed, 7 bath, etc.)

*Standing high in a finely timbered park enjoying delightful views.*

#### BROOME HALL HOME FARM of 460 ACRES

(WITH POSSESSION MICHAELMAS NEXT)

A MODEL PEDIGREE DAIRY FARM WITH CHARMING HOUSE, FIRST-CLASS BUILDINGS and 10 GOOD COTTAGES.



BROOME HALL FROM THE AIR



BUCKINGHILL FARM

#### A SECONDARY RESIDENCE CALLED BEAREHURST (let)

#### TROUTS FARM, 123 ACRES (let)

200 ACRES OF HEAVILY TIMBERED WOODS, CONTAINING A VERY LARGE QUANTITY OF FINELY GROWN HARD AND SOFT WOOD.

Also 21 SUPERIOR COTTAGES mostly occupied on service tenancies (almost all have electricity and water and many have baths)

To be OFFERED for SALE by AUCTION as a WHOLE in ONE LOT in AUGUST (unless previously sold)



HOME FARM HOUSE



GORDON LODGE

Fully illustrated particulars and plans, price 5s., may be obtained on application to the Auctioneers: Messrs. RUMBALL & EDWARDS, St. Albans, Herts; and JOHN D. WOOD & Co., 23, Berkeley Square, W.1. Vendor's Solicitors: Messrs. Linklaters & Paines, Granite House, 97, Cannon Street, E.C.4.

## FAREBROTHER, ELLIS & CO.

(Established 1799)

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In a favoured district near the Kent Border. London 20 miles.

### AN ATTRACTIVE HOUSE

7 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom.

LOUNGE HALL, BILLIARDS ROOM

AND 2 RECEPTION ROOMS.

CENTRAL HEATING.

MAIN SERVICES.



GARDENER'S COTTAGE, GARAGE.

Well laid-out Grounds, Good Kitchen Garden and Orchard.

About 1½ ACRES

FREEHOLD TO BE SOLD

POSSESSION AFTER THE WAR OR BY ARRANGEMENT.

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## TRESIDDER & CO., 77, South Audley St., W.1

Grosvenor 2861.

Telegrams: "Cornishmen, London"

£6,000.

10 ACRES

**DEVON.** 1½ miles market town, 6 miles Exeter. **CHARMING GEORGIAN RESIDENCE** containing some fine old panelling. Hall, 3 reception, 3 bath, 9 bed and dressing rooms. Main electricity. Parquet floors. Garages. Stabling. Attractive gardens, lawns. Kitchen garden, orchard and 7 ACRES pasture.—TRESIDDER & CO., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (16,678)

**DEVON. 4 ACRES. £6,500.** 3 miles from university city in beautiful position enjoying lovely views. **WELL DESIGNED MODERN HOUSE**, 3 reception, 5 bath, 7/8 bedrooms (2 h. & c.). Main services. Central heating. Telephone. Garage for 2. Inexpensive garden. Fruit and kitchen garden and paddock. **FREEHOLD.** Possession on completion.—TRESIDDER & CO., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (21,265A)

**REALLY EXCEPTIONAL RESIDENCE.**

7 OR 13 ACRES

**NORTH HERTS.** 2 miles station (bus service). First-class modern character house with all conveniences. Hall, 3/4 reception, 4 bath, 6 bedrooms. Main water and electricity. Central heating. Telephone. Double garage. Inexpensive garden. Kitchen garden and orchards. 2 cottages optional.—TRESIDDER & CO., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (21,492)

## WELLESLEY-SMITH & CO.

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Reading 4112

### GEORGIAN MANOR HOUSE

with trout fishing

**WILTS.** A very convenient position. Charming stone-built period house, recently modernised and in excellent condition. 3 sitting, 9 bed and dressing, 3 bathrooms. Companies' electricity and water. Cottage. Stabling, garage, etc. Choice old-world gardens. Paddocks with river frontage, about 10 ACRES. **FREEHOLD £7,500.**—WELLESLEY-SMITH (as above).

### EARLY XVIIITH CENTURY HOUSE

In beautiful Sonning village

**BERKS.** (after war possession). A retired situation. Hall, cloak, 2 reception, 5 bed and dressing, 2 bathrooms. Companies' electricity and water. Central heating. Garage. Workshop, etc. About 4 ACRES. **FREEHOLD £6,500.**—WELLESLEY-SMITH (as above).

### BETWEEN YEOVIL AND TAUNTON

**£3,600.** Well restored small farmhouse commanding wonderful panoramic views. 2 sitting, cloak, 3 bedrooms, bath. Companies' electricity and water. New drainage. Double garage, etc. Pretty garden, paddocks and orchard, over 4 ACRES. **FREEHOLD.**—WELLESLEY-SMITH (as above).

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LONDON, W.1.

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Grosvenor 3131 (3 lines)  
Established 1875

By direction of the Executor of Viscount Furness.

### THE BURROUGH COURT ESTATE Near MELTON MOWBRAY, LEICESTERSHIRE

In a first-class hunting district.

About 2¼ hours by rail to London.

Occupying a magnificent site about 500 feet above sea level.

THE RESIDENCE, which has been damaged by fire, will be Sold in its existing condition. CAPITAL HUNTING AND STUD STABLES. Two excellent lodges. Modern Home farm. Several cottages. Aeroplane hangar and landing field. Ample water supply. Main electric light and power. Modern drainage.

### About 514 ACRES

The above FREEHOLD ESTATE will be offered for SALE by AUCTION as a Whole, or in Lots, on September 26th, 1944, at Melton Mowbray.

Solicitors: Messrs. MIDDLETON & Co. 52, John Street, Sunderland.

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Grosvenor 1553  
(4 lines)

## GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS

(ESTABLISHED 1778)

25, MOUNT ST., GROSVENOR SQ., W.1

Hobart Place, Eaton Sq.,  
68, Victoria St.,  
Westminster, S.W.1.

### 500 YEARS OLD HOUSE NEAR WOKING

1 mile from station, near Westhill Golf Course



6 bedrooms, bathroom,  
3 reception rooms.

FULL OF OLD OAK BEAMS  
AND ORIGINAL FLOORS  
Main services. Modern drainage.  
GARDEN.

12½ ACRES MEADOWLAND.

FOR SALE FREEHOLD  
£7,000 with 14 ACRES

Another 34 Acres could be  
purchased.

Further details from the Owner's  
Agents: GEORGE TROLLOPE  
AND SONS, 25, Mount Street,  
W.1. (C.1797)

### REQUIRED TO PURCHASE

PERIOD HOUSE with 10-15 bedrooms and up to 50 ACRES OF LAND. Up to £12,000 will be paid. No commission required.

Principals or Agents are requested to communicate with CAPT. D. B., c/o GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS, 25, Mount Street, W.1.

### REQUIRED TO PURCHASE WITH EARLY POSSESSION

SMALL ESTATE with 15-50 ACRES, with some woodland and preferably a stream. Good house with 4-5 bedrooms, central heating, garage. Near Village convenient for town. New Forest, Southampton, Cotswolds particularly liked. Up to £10,000 will be paid. No commission required.

Principals or Agents are requested to communicate with F. C. G., c/o GEORGE TROLLOPE AND SONS, 25, Mount Street, W.1.

184, BROMPTON ROAD,  
LONDON, S.W.3

## BENTALL, HORSLEY & BALDRY

Kensington  
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### HANTS-SURREY BORDERS 30 miles London

**BEAUTIFUL GEORGIAN HOUSE**  
Entirely modernised, beautifully decorated and luxuriously fitted, over £10,000 has been spent on it. All mains. Central heating. 3 fine reception, 10 bed and dressing rooms, all with fitted basins. 4 baths. Splendid offices. 2 cottages. Garage. Lovely gardens. Swimming pool. Paddocks and woods. 20 ACRES. Immediate possession.

FREEHOLD, £12,000

Or reasonable offer for quick sale  
BENTALL, HORSLEY & BALDRY, 184,  
Brompton Road, S.W.3. (Ken. 0152.)

### WORCESTERSHIRE GENTLEMAN'S HIGHLY PROFITABLE FARM 215 ACRES

VERY RICH LAND  
suitable for market gardening, dairy and stock raising.

Charming residence; 3 reception, 7 bedrooms, bath. Main services. Excellent modern buildings.

IMMEDIATE POSSESSION  
FREEHOLD

The complete stock and equipment may be taken over if desired.  
Full details of the Agents:  
BENTALL, HORSLEY & BALDRY, as above.

Absolute quiet. Safe area.

### CENTRE of the NORFOLK BROADS

**CHARMING HOUSE of CHARACTER** dating 1765. Completely modernised. 3 large reception, excellent offices, 6 bedrooms, bath, every convenience. Garage. Delightful gardens, orchard and kitchen garden, and a further 4 ACRES if required.

IMMEDIATE POSSESSION.

FREEHOLD, £4,800.

BENTALL, HORSLEY & BALDRY, 184,  
Brompton Road, S.W.3. (Ken. 0152.)

Near Henley.  
JUST AVAILABLE.

### IMMEDIATE INSPECTION ADVISED. GENTLEMAN'S RESIDENTIAL MIXED FARM 150 ACRES

Delightful Residence in perfect order. 3 reception, 5 bed, bath. Electric light. Excellent water. Septic drainage. Splendid farm buildings.

IMMEDIATE POSSESSION.

FREEHOLD, £8,750

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Brompton Road, S.W.3. (Ken. 0152.)

### VACANT POSSESSION SEPTEMBER 29, 1944.

#### ROWLEY FARM

On the outskirts of the charming village of COMBE HAY, NEAR BATH.  
**GOOD HOUSE WITH NICE GARDEN**  
EXCELLENT BUILDINGS AND COTTAGE. SOUND PRODUCTIVE LANDS.  
About 107 ACRES



To be SOLD by AUCTION at THE OLD RED HOUSE, BATH, at 3 p.m. on AUGUST 30, 1944. Full particulars of  
**MESSRS. COOPER & TANNER, LTD.,**  
Auctioneers, FROME, SOMERSET. (Tel. 2045.)

### SURREY AND WEST SUSSEX BORDERS

#### CHIDDINGFOLD, SURREY

About 1¼ miles from the Village, 3½ miles from Witley Station (Main Southern Railway) with fast electric train service to Waterloo, 11 miles from Guildford.

The well-known freehold RESIDENTIAL and AGRICULTURAL PROPERTY known as

#### TUGLEY FARM

Comprising a picturesque old-fashioned farm residence, 5 bedrooms, bathroom h. & c., 2 reception rooms, study and usual offices. Main water.

PAIR OF DELIGHTFUL COUNTRY COTTAGES (in Chiddingfold Village).

SET OF ACCREDITED DAIRY FARM BUILDINGS AND ABOUT  
124½ ACRES

VACANT POSSESSION of the farm on completion.

Messrs. WELLER, SON & GRINSTED will offer the above by AUCTION in ONE LOT (unless previously sold by private treaty) at THE LION HOTEL, GUILDFORD, on TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1944, at 3.30 p.m.

Particulars (6d. each) obtainable from the Vendor's Solicitors, Messrs. Mellersh and Lovelace, Godalming, Surrey; or of the Auctioneers:

**Messrs. WELLER, SON & GRINSTED, Guildford**

(Tel. 3308) and Cranleigh (Tel. 5)

**SOMERSET. WELLS.** Modern House in attractive residential situation. 2 reception, maid's room, scullery, 5 bed, bath. All modern conveniences. Telephone. Mains water, electricity and gas. Excellent garden. Approx. 1 acre in all. Freehold. Vacant possession. £5,250, including fittings. Apply: HIPPIESLEY & SONS, Land Agents, Wells, Somerset (Tel. 10.)

WITH VACANT POSSESSION. A Gem set in Upper Wharfedale. ATTRACTIVE SMALL RESIDENCE, with 48-acre Farm attached. **SIMONS SEAT FARM**, near APPLE TREE WICK. 6 miles from Bolton Abbey, 12 miles from Ilkley and Skipton. This compact gentleman's holding is set in perfect surroundings and comprises an attractive modernised stone-built house with all services, including central heating, containing lounge hall, dining room with ingle nook, lounge, kitchen, 4 bedrooms and bathroom. Foreman's cottage, farm buildings, double garage, and 48 acres of grassland. Note: The purchaser could retain the house and let off the farm if he so desired. By AUCTION (with vacant possession) on SEPTEMBER 2 at 3 p.m. at the CRESCENT HOTEL, ILKLEY, YORKS. Illustrated particulars (6d.) from: Messrs BARTLE & SON, Auctioneers, Garforth, Leeds (Tel. 26).

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FOR SELECTED LISTS OF  
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**RIPPON, BOSWELL & CO., A.I.**

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## OFFICES

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KNIGHTSBRIDGE HOUSE

62/64, BROMPTON ROAD, LONDON, S.W.1

West Byfleet  
and Haslemere  
Offices

## FOR SALE AT A TEMPTING PRICE

## NEAR THE HOG'S BACK

c.3.Byf.

On the wooded slopes of Crooksbury Hill (500 ft.) with lovely views across National Trust Land to Hindhead. 8 miles Guildford, 2½ miles Farnham, about one hour Town.

A CHARMING AND SUPERBLY  
APPOINTED CHARACTER]  
RESIDENCE

In Tudor style, planned on two floors and possessing all characteristic features, with oak timbers and panelling. Hall, 3 reception, model tiled kitchen, 7 bed and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms. Garages. Central heating. Modern drainage. Co.'s electricity and water.

LAWN TENNIS COURT. ROSE AND KITCHEN GARDENS, STANDING PRINCIPALLY IN PICTURESQUE SETTING OF BRACKEN AND HEATHERLAND.

In all about 8 ACRES

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## CORNWALL c.3

On high ground with fine views embracing about 15/20 miles of coast line.



## FOR SALE

with the furniture.

ATTRACTIVE STONE-BUILT  
RESIDENCE

facing South Coast.

3 reception, 5 bedrooms, bathroom. Garage.

THE GARDEN IS WELL LAID OUT WITH LAWN, SHRUBBERIES, ETC.

PRICE ONLY £3,000

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## VIRGINIA WATER c.2

On high ground, in a pleasant and quiet situation, one mile from station.

HOME OF ARTISTRY AND DISTINCTIVE  
CHARM

3 reception rooms, 6 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms.

MAIN SERVICES. GARAGE.

DELIGHTFUL AND SUNNY GARDEN OF ABOUT

¾ ACRE

## FOR SALE FREEHOLD

INCLUDING FITTED CARPETS, PELMETS AND WINDOW CURTAINS, ELECTRIC COOKER AND VALUABLE CHANDELIER AND ELECTRIC FITTINGS.

Also the whole of the contents can be purchased by valuation if required.

Inspected and strongly recommended by

HARRODS LTD., 62/64, Brompton Road, S.W.1.  
(Tel.: Kensington 1490. Extn. 809.)

## STANMORE HILL c.4

500 ft. up. Edge of the Green Belt.



## ARCHITECT DESIGNED RESIDENCE

Replete with all conveniences, electric light, co.'s water, etc. Hall, downstairs cloak room, 3 reception rooms, 4 bedrooms, bath, separate w.c.

FULL SIZE GARAGE.

DELIGHTFUL GARDEN, FRUIT TREES, CURRANT BUSHES, PLEASURE GARDEN, ETC.

FREEHOLD £3,750

HARRODS LTD., 62/64, Brompton Road, S.W.1.  
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## IN THE QUIET CHILTERN HILLS c.4

In real country yet close to village and 3 miles from main line station.

ARTISTIC SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY  
COTTAGE

WITH MODERN ADDITION

700 ft. up, beautiful views.

Sitting hall, 2 reception rooms, 5/6 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 2 garages, gardener's cottage.

Main water and electricity. Complete central heating.

CHARMING OLD-WORLD GARDENS

also paddock and field, in all about

6½ ACRES

FREEHOLD, 6,000 GUINEAS

Inspected and strongly recommended as a most fascinating little home.

HARRODS LTD., 62/64, Brompton Road, S.W.1.  
(Tel.: Kensington 1490. Extn. 809.)CHOICE PART—TUNBRIDGE  
WELLS c.3

On high ground, about 400 ft. above sea level, close to beautiful common and under a mile from the main line station.

## AN ATTRACTIVE RESIDENCE

Well planned on two floors.

Panelled hall, 3 reception, conservatory, 5 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, maids' sitting room. Capital offices.

GARAGE. MAIN SERVICES.

DELIGHTFUL GARDENS, NUMBER OF SHADY TREES, ROCKERIES, TERRACES, TENNIS LAWNS, KITCHEN GARDEN, IN ALL ABOUT

¾ OF AN ACRE

## FOR SALE FREEHOLD

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(Tel.: Kensington 1490.)

## DORSET c.4

Beautiful district. First-rate sporting.



ONE OF THE BEST SMALL RESIDENTIAL ESTATES with a

## GENUINE TUDOR RESIDENCE

Hall, 4 reception rooms, 12 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, good offices. Stabling for 6. Garages. Good outbuildings. COTTAGES. FARMERY, etc.

LOVELY OLD GROUNDS SURROUNDED BY A MOAT

Lawns, kitchen garden, large lake, park-like pasturelands, arable and valuable woodlands, in all about

450 ACRES. ALL IN HAND

## FOR SALE FREEHOLD

WITH VACANT POSSESSION

HARRODS LTD., 62/64, Brompton Road, S.W.1.  
(Tel.: Kensington 1490. Extn. 806.)

**BOURNEMOUTH:**  
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WILLIAM FOX, F.S.I., F.A.I.  
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### TO BE SOLD FREEHOLD

### HUNTLY LODGE ESTATE, ABERDEENSHIRE

#### MAGNIFICENTLY PLACED MANSION (Requisitioned)

*looking down a very fine Avenue.*

WALLED GARDENS. HARD TENNIS  
PICTURESQUE LODGE ENTRANCE,  
GARAGE, STABLES, SAW MILL,  
SEVERAL COTTAGES and FARM  
BUILDINGS

5 MILES OF SALMON AND TROUT  
FISHING



WELL MANAGED GROUSE MOOR  
LARGE QUANTITY OF MATURED  
TIMBER

VALUABLE GRASS PARKS, SIX  
FARMS, MANY SMALLHOLDINGS

In all nearly  
**5,000 ACRES**

**GROSS RENTAL**  
**£2,109 PER ANNUM**

Illustrated particulars and plan from the Sole Agents: Fox & Sons, Land Agents, Bournemouth.

### NEAR ROMSEY, HAMPSHIRE

WELL SITUATED FIRST-CLASS FREEHOLD MIXED  
HOLDING

#### MELCHET COURT FARM

WITH ATTRACTIVE FARMHOUSE AND ADEQUATE FARM BUILDINGS,  
3 COTTAGES, and  
**336 ACRES**

of excellent productive arable land, choice well-watered pasture land and some  
woodland. Good well water supply.  
Vacant possession of Melchet Court lands, farm buildings and woodlands will be  
given on completion of the purchase.

Also A SMALL FREEHOLD FARM KNOWN AS "BLACKHILL  
FARM," NEAR PLAITFORD  
comprising 8-roomed house, farm buildings and about 15 ACRES of LAND used as  
MARKET GARDEN

LET AND PRODUCING A GROSS RENTAL OF ABOUT  
**£40 PER ANNUM**

To be SOLD by AUCTION, at THE SUSSEX HOTEL, Above  
Bar, Southampton, on TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 5th, 1944,  
at 3.30 p.m.

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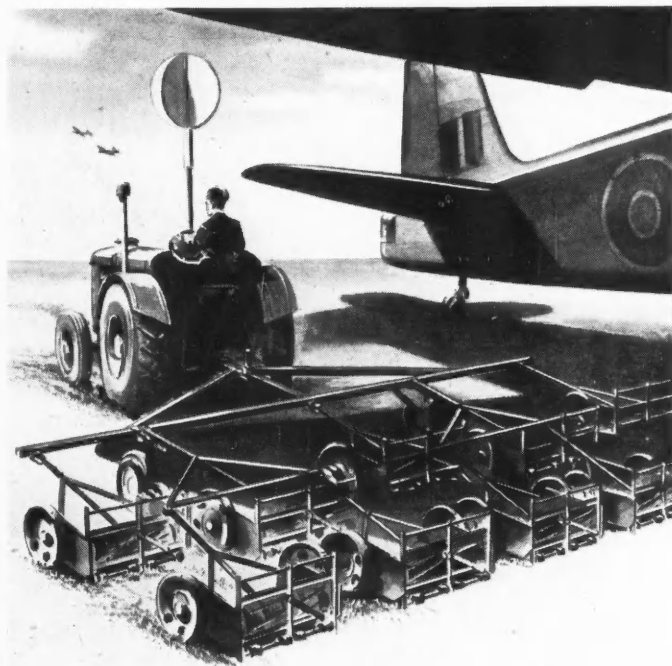
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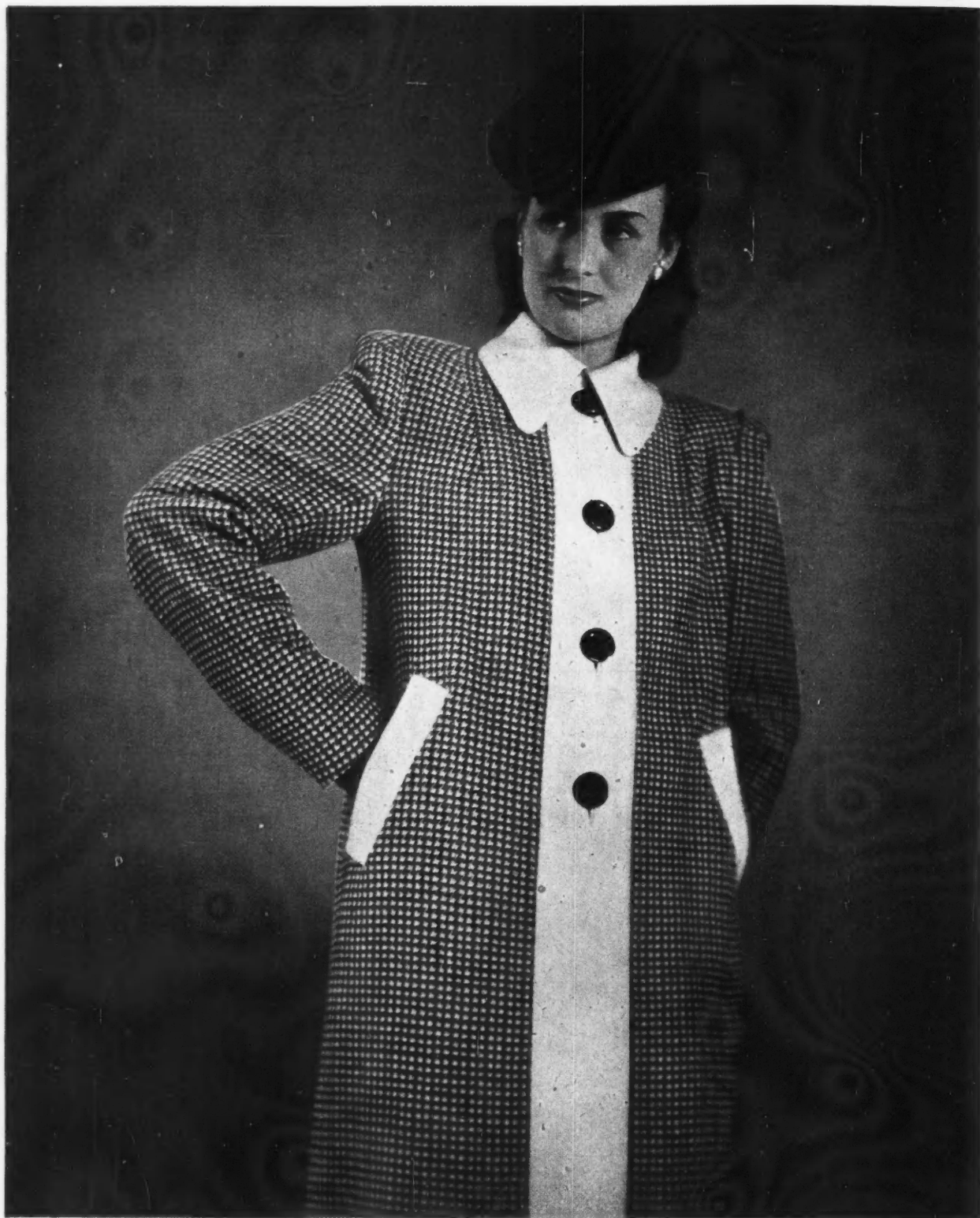


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# COUNTRY LIFE

Vol. XCVI. No. 2483

AUGUST 18, 1944



*Harlip*

## MISS PEGGIE SHIPWAY

Miss Peggie Shipway, daughter of Sir Francis Shipway and Lady Shipway, is a Divisional Secretary to the British Red Cross Society

## COUNTRY LIFE

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## THE LANDSCAPE OF LIBERTY

“NEVER have I had a feeling of such unrestricted liberty,” wrote Karel Capek in *Letters from England*, of walking between quickset hedges through the idyllic parkland of the English countryside. What struck him most was that he could even cross the greensward of fields without having to keep to a path as in Continental countries. That, it is true, was 20 years ago, and things have changed rapidly since then. The old country customs that enabled such liberty without trespass to be enjoyed were too often abused by ignorant townfolk, so that property—and propriety—had to be sometimes asserted with ugly barbed wire. Yet the lovely friendliness and freedom of the English scene have not materially altered, despite five years of hideous war, and despite the social changes of which the tale of locked and wired field-gates is a parable.

The interruption by the Parliamentary recess of consideration of the Town and Country Planning Bill affords time to think over this fundamental question of liberty and landscape—the respective claims of community and user, material *versus* visual values—in the light of current controversies: those aroused by the proposed Durham and Lincoln power-stations, Highland Water Power, and the plan for the City of London. Each proposes alterations for the benefit of specific interests, to scenes which Britons generally regard as part of their heritage. The reasons for the protests that have been raised vary, as the proposals vary, from the doing of the right thing in the wrong place to doing the wrong thing in the right place; or, translated back into terms of Capek's field, are evoked both by replacing the hedge with spiked iron railings and by erecting a sewage plant in it. They are improvements, in a sense, that the tenant of the field may be within his liberties to effect for his own and his neighbourhood's material benefit. But what of our ancestral liberty, enjoyed by right of courtesy, to cross that field to our ease and pleasure; and what of our satisfaction, and ultimate advantage, when foreigners flocked to view the field-flowers sung by our poets and to carry the picture of them back to their less favoured lands? Where do the rights of the matter lie?

Through most of the nineteenth century, and between the wars, the rights of the individual were identified with the interests of the community. The industrialist, and after him the local authority, that developed the resources of a locality was held to be benefiting the State, irrespective of the effect upon the national landscape. Similarly the individual wishful for his own private escape could, in liberty's name, erect a hall or a hovel wherever another free man would let him, whatever its effect—or more particularly their effects in the aggregate—on foreshore or vale. The only safeguard of

the larger liberties, apart from sundry Planning Acts, has been that battered and besmirched figure the country landowner, to whom we should fall on our knees in gratitude for so shaping and guarding the land for centuries that a demi-paradise is still transmitted to us. Now the Minister of Town and Country Planning stands, or should stand, in his shoes. But instead of being given his power to wield, by drawing up a broad master plan of how such national concerns as Durham and Lincoln, the Highlands and the City, the caravan camps and housing estates, shall be handled for the good of all, he must depute the task piecemeal to representatives of those very interests at whose hands the community, and the landscape, have suffered so much. Local authorities have not necessarily incentive or resources to weigh the national against the local, the individual against the general issue with impartiality. In this small island the liberty of the community is only to be achieved by some sacrifices of individualism. The guardian of the community's liberty of landscape can only be a national Ministry. But unless Mr. W. S. Morrison's office is given much greater preventive and constructive authority than at present, there is every prospect of local and individual interests continuing to trespass, in the names of freedom and progress, upon the green fields that are the heritage and symbol of true liberty.

## TO HENRY LUXMOORE, ON HIS GARDEN

HOW well the staid, neat-fingered Dutchman drew  
The rule-straight pattern of his tulip square,  
His box-trimmed quilt of blossom! With what care  
The proud Italian planned his tapering view,  
His marbled grot, his shadeless avenue,  
His Triton fountain, his exact parterre!  
But you engaged that disputatious pair  
Nature and Art, and reconciled the two.

Ah! never may a slick suburban hand  
Drill the lobelia down your tangled walks,  
Or, with ill-judged affection, neatly band  
The jungle splendour of their rising stalks.  
Long shall the meadow-parsley spread at ease  
Her white lace shawl beneath the apple-trees.

WILFRID BLUNT.

## DEATH TO FLIES

IN August and September clouds of flies are a too familiar nuisance in the dwellings of our countryside, and especially in and about farm buildings. By those people not case-hardened an efficient insecticide would be welcomed as a godsend. Recently a chemical compound, dichlor-diphenyl-trichlorethane, with which “a typhus epidemic in Naples which looked like killing a quarter of a million” is reported to have been “quenched like a candle,” has given very good results in barns and stables in America. At present—that is, for the duration of the war—this compound is not being issued to the public because it is required for the Services, but we may hope for the future. Even so, it will probably be necessary in this island to persuade people that flies should be treated seriously: familiarity begets indifference, and many (especially in the country) are apt to regard flies (and rats) as curses to be endured and not fought. Yet in the British Museum's pamphlet on the house-fly one finds such uncompromising statements as

... there can be no doubt whatever that it is by far the most important of British insects from the stand-point of public hygiene. House-flies serve no useful purpose and they may at any time develop into a danger to human life.

Incidentally, it is some measure of our ignorance and apathy that probably not more than three in a thousand laymen could certainly identify *Musca domestica* from its four or five nearest relations!

## INTERVIEW OR EXAMINATION

THE Fleming Report has had on the whole a very friendly reception, and there is in particular one point in it of which most people will approve; it is suggested that the boys recommended for education at a public school are to be chosen not by examination but rather by interview. Many long since grown-up persons, who suffered tortures from examinations,

may think wistfully how much happier their lives might have been had they been born “forty years on.” Of course an interview is not so simple and triumphant a solution of the difficulties of choice as enthusiasts may suppose. Just as examinations are too much in favour of the boy with a good memory and a turn for absorbing the ideas of others, so an interview, unless very skilfully conducted, may favour the boy who is not bashful and can, in a familiar phrase, put all his goods in the shop window. It may take long and sympathetic burrowing under a shy and even unprepossessing surface to discover the real character and interests beneath it. *Quis custodiet custodes?*—and who shall interview the interviewers to be invested with such powers and responsibilities? But because interviewing is clearly a difficult and delicate art it is not therefore an impossible one, and there are many shrewd and kindly people with long experience of boys who are eminently fitted to the task if they will undertake it.

## BACK TO TRADITION

MUCH controversy has taken place both before and since the war began as to the optimum date—if such a piece of bureaucratic jargon may be allowed—for the opening of the grouse-shooting season. When in 1940, on rather vague war-time pretexts, the date was advanced to August 1 there were not wanting amiable doctrinaires who claimed a victory—if a fortuitous one—for a long-championed cause; and when, later on, an inconvenient Bank Holiday gave them an even earlier day they were even more delighted. Now under the instructions of Whitehall we have returned again to ancient practice, and The Twelfth has been restored to its old importance. It seems unlikely in the circumstances that there will be any post-war revulsion. There will no doubt always be those who see in some particular early season justification for their pet predilection. But most serious shooting men will agree that the voice of long practical experience has triumphed over that of somewhat ill-advised interference. During the war period the question has, of course, been largely an academic one. Two things, however, are certain, that from the point of view of food-supply—putting aside all questions of sportsmanship and recreation—the shooting of immature birds is thoroughly unsound policy, and further, that the amount of grain which might be consumed by birds in a few instances during the first fortnight of August, where corn fields run up to the moors, is not worth general consideration. As for the blackcock, which also returns to its normal pre-war date on August 20, it might well be considered whether an even later date would not be to everyone's advantage.

## MRS. COLONEL

THE Nazis are fond of making pompous pronouncements forbidding something or another, and their latest condemnation is of the “widespread use of titles in Germany,” which they say is a relic of an outworn past. In particular they are hard on the ladies who love to incorporate their husband's distinctions into their own titles. Never again, it seems, must there be a *Fraud doktor*. Whether we ever regularly used such modes of address in this country appears a little doubtful, though there is evidence in its favour. Dickens did not know much of polite society when he wrote *Pickwick*, and may not be a good authority; but students of that work will easily recall two examples. Among those announced at the Rochester ball were Colonel Bulder and Mrs. Colonel Bulder, and of the three lady whist-players with whom Mr. Pickwick played his unfortunate rubber one was introduced by the Master of the Ceremonies as Mrs. Colonel Wugsby. Some analogy to this custom may be found in Wales, where there are too few surnames to go round, and Mrs. Jones must needs, for purposes of identification, clap her husband's profession to the end of her name. In Denmark we are told that titles have grown unpopular, and a man adds his profession to his name—but in front of and not behind it. This is a habit of which some journalists in this country are fond, presumably with a view to saving space, but we may trust that it is not catching.

# A

## COUNTRYMAN'S

### NOTES . . .

By

Major C. S. JARVIS

THE question whether the dog has a sense of humour or not would seem to have been answered satisfactorily in the columns of COUNTRY LIFE, and the answer is in the affirmative. Whether any wild animals possess this attractive quality is a very moot point, and the extraordinary and ludicrous acrobatic feats of the stoat are of small probability not performed for the purpose of amusing onlookers, but to lure some inquisitive rabbit to his death, thus eliminating the necessity for a long hunt.

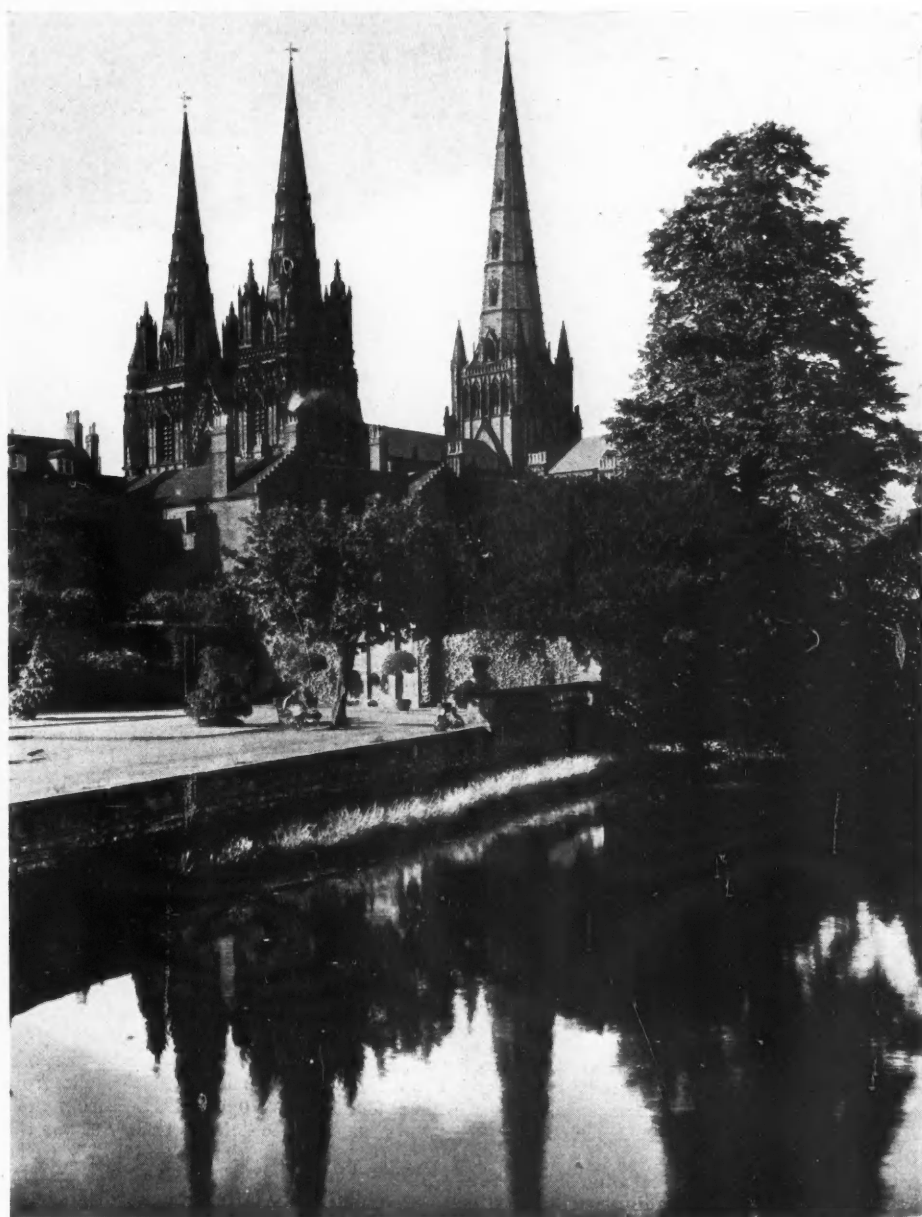
I have on two occasions seen a fox in the vicinity of a big warren having a game with the rabbits when they were out in force on a warm evening. The game consisted of a stalk in the open, which was so obvious that it could not have been meant to deceive, followed by a ridiculous jump in the air, and sometimes a roll with a display of cream-coloured underside, but nevertheless I do not think it was what one might call nice clean fun. Although I did not see the final act of the play I have a strong suspicion that it ended on a tragic note with some late-arrival rabbit strolling in casually to a front seat in the open-air theatre, and providing a fitting curtain to the drama. I say fitting advisedly, as most regular playgoers would like to see something of the same nature occur to human late arrivals, judging by some of the muttered remarks I have overheard when a bulky stall-holder with big feet gropes his way to his seat in the semi-darkness.

\* \* \*

RED squirrels are the only wild animals I know which seem to have a sense of real fun of the leg-pull variety. I know of an estate where for two generations red squirrels have been preserved and encouraged in every way possible. It is admitted one cannot do very much in the way of encouraging these self-supporting small creatures, but as the result of their popularity with the resident humans they appear to be very much more confident and impudent in these woodlands than they are elsewhere. When one is shooting pigeons during the evening flight in the autumn a squirrel is certain to arrive sooner or later—it suggests almost they come to the sound of the guns—and after this it is difficult to concentrate on the down-swooping pigeons, owing to an insolent little face set off with prick-ears appearing now on this side of an oak tree's bole, now on the other, and then from a branch overhead.

\* \* \*

THE home cover squirrel, whom I have known now for some seven years, has a game with my dog on his morning walk roughly once a week, but as we grow older the joke is beginning to pall. The game consists of the squirrel being flushed at close quarters by the wood stack, followed by a rush through the bracken to the nearest tree, and the point to be aimed at is not to provide a clear view, so that the dog is uncertain of the variety of the animal moving in front. A moment later the squirrel is 6 ft. and 6 ft. only—up the trunk of a beech tree and grinning round the side of it, and, if this does not meet with a suitable response, the dog is another rush through the undergrowth to the next tree. It is quite obvious that the whole of these manoeuvres are designed either to amuse or irritate, and, as many of our own



Humphrey and Vera Joel

#### THE SIX SPIRES, LICHFIELD CATHEDRAL

practical jokes give intense annoyance to the subject, I can only conclude that the red squirrel has much the same sense of humour as our own.

I recall that when I found the body of a recently-shot hyæna dressed in my best pyjamas and lying comfortably in my bed with its gory head on my pillow, I found it extremely difficult to see the point of the joke at the time.

\* \* \*

I HAVE never heard of anyone detecting a sense of humour in a wild bird, or even a domestic one when it happened to be a hen, but on the other hand the average intelligent parrot or cockatoo would seem to possess it to a marked degree. There is no recorded case so far as I know where, if there is also a household dog in the establishment, the parrot does not pull his leg constantly by whistling him in when not required, and sending him out with a volley of barks after very vocal, but non-existent, cats.

Years ago I brought home from Australia a rose cockatoo, or galah, who was a most remarkably intelligent bird with a keen sense of humour of the unpleasant or sardonic variety. I may say that the rose cockatoo is not as a rule a particularly clever bird, as three which I have had since, in an attempt to replace the original, proved to be dismal failures, so that my first Cockie must have been something in the nature of a freak or a genius. Like so many parrots he used deplorable language, but flatly

refused to oblige when there was an audience which might appreciate his vocabulary. If, however, the room happened to be filled with most correctly-minded middle-aged ladies, and a clerical collar or two were in evidence, he reached unprecedented heights of profanity, and it was so difficult to explain to the shocked assembly that he had learned it all from sailors on his voyage to this country. How frequently the Silent Service has been maligned in this respect!

He displayed real cunning and a sense of humour of a doubtful nature in his treatment of my unfortunate father. Every evening, when my father had settled himself comfortably in a saddlebag chair over the fire with a pipe, Cockie would watch him closely, and wait until he was really engrossed in his book. This was the moment to climb to the top of the cage where there was a loose screw, which could be turned by the beak so as to emit a most unpleasant squeaking sound, and it was only during those evenings when my father was present that the parrot paid any attention to this fitting. While twisting the screw with its incessant grating squeak he would watch my father closely with a glitter in his little black eyes, and note the signs of growing irritation and restlessness. Then at the exact moment when my exasperated parent could stand it no longer, rising from his chair in a fury and banging down his book, Cockie would just forestall him by a short head with: "DAMN that bird!"



1.—THORINGTON : BRICK-CAPPED AND ARCADED

LIKE their counterparts in Ireland, which they much resemble, the Round Towers of East Anglia have been the subject of much speculation as to their origin and first use. Built of local flint-stones, set in mortar that is as hard and impervious as the flints themselves, they have but few openings and no staircases. They are approximately 22 ft. in diameter at the base, and vary in height according to the character of their later superstructures. With walls some 4 ft. thick, they stand, as it were, alone, unaided by buttresses or props (only two of the Suffolk ones have these—Ramsholt and Beyton), a tribute to sound principles of construction and faithful workmanship. They are generally attributed to Norman and Saxon builders, and their rôle to that of watch-towers, granaries, beacons, or strongholds of defence.

Their antiquity is held in the legend once attributed to the simplicity, or stupidity, of the local villagers, who were credited with the belief that they were actually old well casings, relics of the flood, which, when the waters subsided, left these circular memorials of ancient water supplies as ready-made towers! That, of course, belongs to those who coined that alliterative tag, Silly Suffolk, and may be accepted by those who believe, unwaveringly, in such labels.

It would appear from a survey of many of these towers that they were originally about three-quarters of their present height; for their decorated and often picturesque tops appear to be later additions. This is most marked in the octagon top variety, as a glance at the specimens shown will confirm. Then it is fairly evident that they had an origin independent of the churches to which they are now attached, and as these latter, in many cases, have

## THE ROUND TOWERS OF SUFFOLK

Written and Illustrated by  
ALLAN JOBSON

marked and beautiful Norman features, this would easily place them in Saxon times.

The use of the circular form is undoubtedly of early origin and has been explained by the lack of dressed stone for the angle quoins involved by a square plan where the building material was restricted to flint. It must be admitted that where stone was available pre-Conquest builders built square towers, e.g. Earls Barton, St. Benet's, Cambridge, and Sompting. On the other hand, the Irish round towers, which have so much in common with those of East Anglia, are built of prepared stone.

If we accept the watch-tower theory, one wonders, considering the position of many, viz. low-lying on marsh land, by ancient watercourses, and the densely wooded state of the country as then existed, how they could possibly have fulfilled this purpose, unless they possessed superstructures which have since perished. On the other hand, if granaries, would the Saxons have gone to the immense labour and cost for such a purpose, when wooden structures could have been erected in larger numbers and with far less trouble? There is, of course, the possibility of their having been used as beacons, but even so one would expect to find them on higher ground if for such a purpose. From the great thickness of their walls, from the evident lack of openings, and from their very situation, the defence theory seems the most reasonable, and the least likely to be refuted.

Accepting the latter, the most significant thing is that they are found mostly in clusters, and always by watercourses, or what was once a waterway. For example the largest number in Suffolk—the county with which we are dealing, although all the remarks



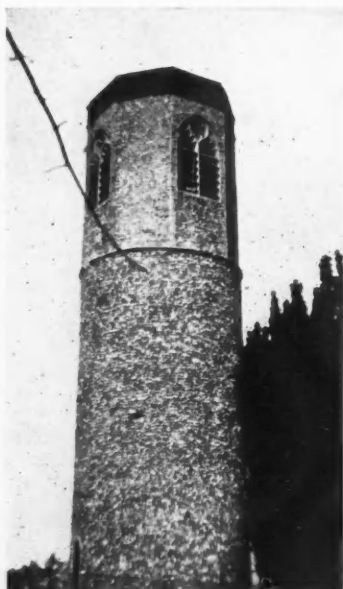
2.—THEBERTON TOWER, ASSOCIATED WITH PIRACY

apply to the much larger number to be found in Norfolk, some 125—are on the Waveney and in its valley, where more than half the total of 40 towers are to be found. The Blythe, and its tributary, has four—Wissett, Holton, Thorington and Bramfield. The latter, it may be mentioned, was an extremely important river in the ancient history of Suffolk, for the Blythe was none other than Dunwich river, the old East Anglian capital, now swallowed up by the sea.

The Old Hundred river has three—Rushmere, Mutford and Gisleham—all close together. Frostenden was once a port, and the dried bed of its river is clearly evident; therefore the injunction of the sundial on its south porch—*Vigilate et Orate*—has had an age-old significance. The Lark claims three—Hengrave, Little Saxham and Risby; while the Deben has two—Ramsholt and Hasketon.

From this it would seem that these strongholds were originally intended as ancient martellos, against those all too common marauders, the Vikings, whose narrow-prowed vessels were frequent visitors to these coastal regions and the river inlets.

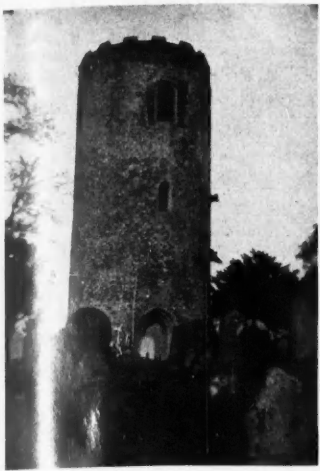
The defensive character of these towers is very evident in that of Bruisyard, which is directly overlooking a waterway, now but a stream. Its solid, tapering walls and primitive unadorned state, being as magnificent to-day as when, by much labour, it was erected. Bramfield (Fig. 5) would seem to confirm this, for the tower is detached from the ancient church, and stands solitarily aggressive against that enemy of us all—Time. Too much stress, however, cannot be placed on the fact of its independence. Incidentally, Bramfield church possesses one of the most beautiful and perfect specimens of rood-screens *in situ*; adorned



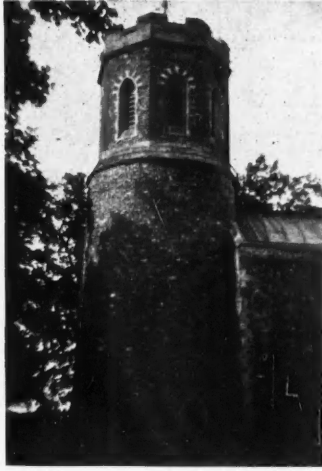
3.—STUSTON



4.—WISSETT



5.—TOWER OF BRAMFIELD



6.—BROME



7.—GISLEHAM



8.—ILKETSHALL ST. ANDREW

with colour and gesso work and having still five panels of saints below—SS. Mark, Matthew, Luke, John—and the Magdalen. Facing the church, and lest you should miss it, is a lively example of a crinkle-crinkle wall skirting Bramfield Hall.

While in this neighbourhood, Thorington (Fig. 1) rejoices in one of the most interesting towers of the whole county, with a faded red brickwork octagon top, that gives it a peculiar paper-crown-like effect in the illustration. Each panel of the brickwork is decorated with a recessed, circular ornament. There are four Norman openings below the octagon, with graceful pillars, and another below, which is a modern replacement. Added to this, there are a series of round-headed recesses, half way up the tower, which considerably add to its beauty and interest. Another tower with Norman arcading at its top is that of Little Saxham, which vies with Thorington as being distinctive.

Wissett (Fig. 4) possesses a characteristic tower, with its four openings above and one below, supplemented by three slits between, which, if we place it older than the church, would give it Saxon origin. For this tiny village church possesses one of the finest Norman doorways on its north side of the churches in Suffolk, or elsewhere, having an almost Byzantine beauty with its twisted columns and variety of mouldings. Moreover, it is in excellent preservation. Holton has a graceful uniform tower, with several narrow openings, and clearly shows its independent origin to the church; which latter has a Norman south doorway.

Turning to the low-lying lands of the Old Hundred river, we have three beautiful and characteristic towers. Rushmere (Fig. 9)

has one of the most primitive-looking towers, containing narrow lights or loopholes that have been filled in; and in its simple thatched church is one of those recesses where they stored the banners of the picturesque mediæval ritual. Near by, and within sight, is the noble tower of Mutford, with a beautiful octagonal top decorated with flint flush work. That of Gisleham (Fig. 7) is very similar.

Turning to the Waveney and its valley, we have a goodly collection of towers from which to choose. Brome (Fig. 6), with its recessed octagonal battlemented top, makes a noble contribution, as befits one which is adjacent to Brome Hall and the home of the Cornwallis family. Then Stuston (Fig. 3), a stone's-throw from the river, is straightforwardly graceful, with its octagonal top and a red brick parapet: quite modern in the severity of its outline, but beautifully weathered in contrast to the ancient flints that support it. And while here, we must not fail to mention Wortham with its ruined tower, said to be the largest tower of its kind.

And so we come, amid the green willows, down to the emerald marshes, along an avenue of trees, through a five-barred gate, into the lonely sanctuary of Syleham, lying low amid the waters (Fig. 11). Here, again, old red brick has been used to complete the picture, and a red-tiled roof acts as a mediæval cap, to give quaintness to beauty. Here, in this simple shrine, is to be seen one of the nicest sets of twisted altar rails that I have yet met. As will be noticed, the tower is circular to its brickwork, and has exceptionally thick walls.

To digress into this delectable and historic region, not far from Syleham is Wingfield, the home of the de la Poles, with

the moated castle that they built, of which the old towered gateway still stands; and the collegiate church where some lie under magnificent tombs. Adjoining the church are the college buildings, now transformed into a large farm-house. Not far away is Fressingfield, where Archbishop Sancroft lived and died in retirement. He lies here, under the epitaph which he chose—"The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away (as the Lord pleaseth so come things to pass); blessed be the name of the Lord."

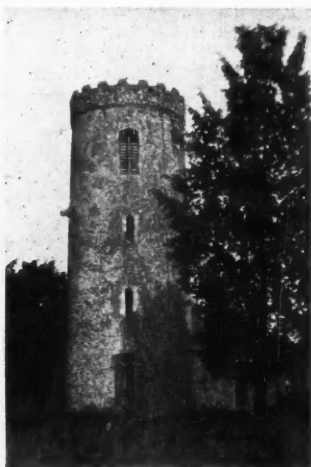
Weybread continues the line of the river, with another round tower. In the region of the Saints, two out of the four Ilketshalls have round towers. That of St. Andrew (Fig. 8) has an octagon top, with four lights and four dummies filled with flint flush work. A solitary Saxon-like opening is on the south face. St. Margaret (Fig. 10) is simple but picturesque, set amid the trees, with its attractive battlemented parapet. And here is a primitive instance of repair work, in the shape of a beam jutting out from the tower's side and fastened thereto by a wooden pin. Spexhall is interesting in the fact that it is a very creditable replacement of a round tower which fell in the eighteenth century.

In the old Hundred of Lothing, which consisted of 16 parishes, no fewer than half have round towers, including Blundeston, and Herringfleet with its happy mixture of periods. There is Saxon work in the upper portion of its tower, which might disprove the "addition" theory.

The fine tower of Theberton (Fig. 2) commands the Minsmere level. Here again an octagon top, and a rather apparent later addition. Could the stones tell, the tale would be of smuggling as well as of piracy.



9.—RUSHMERE



10.—ILKETSHALL ST. MARGARET



11.—SYLEHAM



12.—FROSTENDEN

# FERTILISERS: DR. BUNTING REPLIES TO SIR ALBERT HOWARD

By A. H. BUNTING

[In our issue of February 25 Dr. A. H. Bunting summarised existing scientific knowledge of the factors making up soil fertility and critically examined the argument that so-called artificial fertilisers as such are injurious to the soil and to public health. His article was later quoted in the House of Lords by the Duke of Norfolk, who described it as "an admirable summary of the whole issue." We ourselves believe it to represent the most enlightened scientific opinion on a subject on which there has lately been much loose and harmful discussion.

On May 12 Sir Albert Howard, the leading advocate of the doctrine that the life of the soil is being "slowly poisoned" by artificial manures, replied to Dr. Bunting. His article too attracted wide attention, and has been reproduced in at least one quarter for distribution. A few weeks later we printed several letters from farmers and others strongly refuting some of Sir Albert's statements. Now Dr. Bunting sends us his own reply to Sir Albert. He deals particularly with Sir Albert's sweeping criticisms of the famous Broadbalk experiment at Rothamsted and describes these criticisms as a travesty of the facts. His general conclusion is that to attempt to maintain the organic structure of British soil by composts and dung is quixotic and unnecessarily laborious. The true solution is to be found in the intelligent use of both organics and fertilisers; and in the adoption of ley farming on a wide scale.—EDITOR.]

**M**Y article of February 25 surveyed some of the factors of plant physiology and nutrition which affect agriculture. It did not advocate any specific system of farming or manuring. One of my conclusions was that it is necessary in practice to use both organic manures and fertilisers, as has been done with success by the great majority of British farmers for many years. The exclusive use of fertilisers is no part of my prescription. For these reasons Sir Albert Howard's home-made Aunt Sally, the malevolent chemist spreading death and destruction from a sulphate of ammonia bag, is a convenient target for his missiles, but has little relation to the facts, either of my article or of farming practice.

Let me briefly recapitulate the functions of the main classes of manures. The bulky organic manures, including dung and composts of all kinds, have a four-fold function: they retain moisture in the soil; they improve the structure of the soil for the plant and for the cultivator; they contain quantities, often in an unbalanced ratio, of plant foods; and they enable the soil to hold increased quantities of inorganic plant nutrients in forms available to the plant. The concentrated organic manures (hoof and horn, meat and bone and the like) are principally important as sources of nitrogen and phosphate, in forms available over a period of time, and probably roughly adjusted to the plant's own requirements at various times. The so-called "artificial" fertilisers are sources of the main inorganic plant foods in readily available form.

All these types have their uses in one way or another, and in fact their actions are often mutually helpful. Naturally there are circumstances when one type or another will give little benefit. For example, a soil may have so serious a deficiency in a single nutrient that unless this is added other manures will be of little use. This is least likely to occur with an omnibus material like farm-yard manure. Hence, in general, farm-yard manure is certain and safe; the main troubles are that there is not enough of it and that it is troublesome to handle.

## CYCLES IN NATURE

We are all aware of the importance of the organic and inorganic cycles in Nature, and know that it is essential in good farming to return to the land that which is removed from it in the crop, and in the drainage water. The most important substances thus removed are lime, potash, nitrogen and phosphates. (The organic matter of the crop is of course made by the plants themselves from the air, and is not drawn from the soil, as von Helmont showed in the eighteenth century.) In farming with animals, much of these substances is returned in the form of cattle cake brought on to the farm, and dressings of lime are applied from time to time. But where meat and milk, and even more when arable crops, are sold off the farm, there is a net loss to the cycle, no matter how much organic waste matter is collected on the farm and returned to the land. And all the time there is the steady leaching in the rainfall. This is offset by the slow weathering of minerals in the soil which releases phosphate and potash.

In prairie and high forest this weathering is adequate to maintain the vegetation, especially as the closed plant community operates on very efficient cycles of return. But weathering is quite inadequate to supply the needs of continuous and intensive cropping.

It is in order to maintain these cycles of essential inorganic nutrients that fertilisers or manures brought in from outside have to be used in farming; to attempt to maintain the fertility of a piece of land entirely on its own produce is like trying to hoist yourself up by your boots—it doesn't work. Worse, if the land is already deficient in phosphate, for example, no amount of organic matter collected from it will remedy this deficiency: it will itself be deficient in phosphate. Much more space could be spent on this matter of soil book-keeping: but the principle is clear to all practical farmers.

Any proper appreciation of the importance and value of the various types of fertilisers and manures must take account of the varied requirements of crops and soils and the functions of the materials concerned: generalisations such as "humus spells success, artificials lead to failure" do not get us anywhere.

## IS NATURE "THE SUPREME FARMER"?

A second general point of importance arises from Sir Albert Howard's reference to Nature as the supreme farmer. Every practical man knows what will happen if he allows Nature to do his farming for him. All farming is essentially an interference with Nature. We grow pure stands of specific crops, often highly bred for yield and quality: we keep great numbers of animals of selected types on small areas, because these are efficient ways of providing ourselves with food. Man's existence and dominance on this planet is due to his ability to control Nature, and science is his chief weapon in this task. There are of course difficulties in any such wholesale interference with Nature: it is one of the jobs of science to study these difficulties and overcome them, by the use of suitable techniques. Objections to any given procedure on the ground that it is not found in Nature are therefore not valid. Nevertheless, problems are generally minimised and most easily solved if the departure from natural systems is as small as possible and fully understood. One can therefore sympathise most heartily with Sir Albert Howard in his eloquent denunciation of the evils of monoculture and faulty rotations—whether this be in Barbados or in Lincolnshire. But it must be recognised that it is the system of farming that is at fault in the instances he cites, not the use of fertilisers. In fact there are instances of land deterioration, such as the dust bowl in the



THE EFFECT OF POTATO DISEASES  
Photographed at the end of June. (Left) Healthy. (Right) Plants suffering from Leaf Roll and Severe Mosaic

United States, where the proper use of fertilisers, in a suitable rotational system, would have gone far to prevent the trouble and is now doing much to cure it.

Under the same heading one must take note of the frequent references to China and to the natural composting methods of the Indian peasants in Sir Albert's present and previous articles. It is unfortunate that the two peoples concerned are probably the most wretched, diseased, short-lived and the poorest of any on earth. This point has already been made by readers of COUNTRY LIFE: it must be most strongly reiterated. Of course it is not their use of organics that is at fault, any more than fertilisers have caused the ruin of East African coffee, West Indian sugar, or Lincolnshire potatoes.

During the last century the use of fertilisers has been based not only on a very large number of trials and experiments, but also on the practical experience of millions of farmers in all parts of the world. It is important to realise how great a weight of evidence is represented by the successes achieved during this time. In fact practical experience provides no general proof of Sir Albert's statements. Provided the needs of the crops, the character of the soil, the properties of the fertilisers, and the type of rotation necessary to suit these circumstances are properly understood, fertilisers are unquestionably a very valuable aid in the maintenance of fertility. Of course, where lack of nutrients is not the principal cause of low yields, the addition of fertilisers will be about as useful as Epsom salts for a broken leg.

## THE BROADBALK EXPERIMENT

Let us now turn to the Broadbalk experiment. Inevitably this famous trial is not perfect judged by modern standards. But it is important to realise what its purpose was. Lawes wanted to study and analyse the action of farm-yard manure, and he wanted to be able to draw up a balance sheet of the main

nutritional requirements of particular crops, and to learn how the quantities of the main nutrients varied from time to time in the soil and why. He was not satisfied with the generalisations current in his time, based on small-scale experiments in pots and on the results of analysis: his farming knowledge and his scientific training made him realise that there were in farming long-term effects which only long-continued experiments could show. He therefore laid down a series of experiments at different times on several crops, of which Broadbalk was the first. These experiments have contributed information of fundamental and permanent value (especially on the uptake by plants and the leaching by rain of lime and other nutrients from soils) which is part of the essential day-to-day working knowledge of everyone concerned with the science of soils. It is quite wrong to dismiss them as fatally defective.

Now of course the Broadbalk plots do not provide the answer to all possible questions. Yet they do provide the answer to many points raised by Sir Albert Howard. Throughout the field earthworms are found—not only on the farm-yard manure strip, where they occur in greatest numbers in spite of the proximity of land which has for a century received nothing but fertilisers, apart from the stubbles contributed by each successive crop. Their numbers are far less on these areas, but it is clear that this is in the first place related to the amount of food available for them. Earthworms feed on organic matter: where stubble remains are the only source of organic matter one does not expect many worms. Yet they are there, alive and working, even in the centre of the field, perhaps eighty or more yards from any land not regularly receiving fertilisers. Their presence throughout the field shows that the generalisation that earthworms are killed by fertilisers is utterly unreal. It is true that additions of sulphate of ammonia continued over many years can create such conditions of soil acidity that the earthworm population is reduced, but this can easily be avoided by liming.

#### A CENTURY OF "ARTIFICIALS"

Study of the diseases present in Broadbalk shows the importance of nitrogen. It increases some diseases, such as Eyespot, and reduces others, such as Take-all: the effect is similar whether the nitrogen is applied in the form of dung or as sulphate of ammonia or nitrate of soda. Nitrification occurs all over the field, showing that the micro-organisms which carry it out are still vigorously at work after a century of "artificial." One cannot accept the idea that this long-continued fertility is entirely due to the fact that new seed was used each year. It must not be forgotten that the effect of selecting from each plot the seed with which to sow in the following year would be to select strains specially suited to the conditions there, and that this procedure would have reacted favourably to the experiment rather than otherwise—for some years, at any rate.

There has, it is true, been a heavy fall in the calcium carbonate content of the soil over the century, and side by side with this there has been a general decline in the level of yields, although the annual fluctuations make it difficult to be precise here. But the yields are still high, often extraordinarily high. The plot which has received neither organics nor fertilisers for a century still maintains a yield at about the world average for wheat, although this was, it is true, not the case before the introduction of the fallow strips in 1928. (The field is divided into five strips running across all the manurial treatments. Every year one of these strips is fallowed in order. This system was introduced in order to keep down the weeds whose growth on all plots is an inevitable consequence of the continuous cropping with wheat. The fallow has a remarkable effect on the subsequent crop, especially on the strips receiving no nitrogen; this is mainly due to the decomposition of nitrogenous materials in the soil by micro-organisms during the fallow period.) And finally there is no significant difference in the content of the grain of Vitamin B1 (the principal vitamin in wheat) as shown by animal feeding experiments, between plots receiving complete fertiliser, sulphate of ammonia only, or farm-yard manure. These facts make it impossible to accept the travesty of the Broadbalk results presented in Sir Albert Howard's article. It must be remembered that on Broadbalk we are dealing with a dryland crop, whose yield is in general

depressed by extra moisture under Rothamsted conditions. Hence one of the chief advantages of dung (extra moisture retention) disappears. On the less famous but equally important Barnfield plots, where mangolds have been grown for upwards of three-quarters of a century, the benefits of farm-yard manure, acting through increased moisture retention, may be seen in any dry year.

#### MASKED DISEASES

Sir Albert Howard's strawberries at Blackheath have become widely known on account of his claim that he cured them of virus disease by the use of organics. It has, however, recently been shown that in strawberries infected with virus adequate watering alone can mask the symptoms of virus, even though the disease remains present. This gives us a clue to what is happening: it seems very probable that the organic manure is increasing water retention and so producing a masking effect.

In such a season as we have experienced throughout this spring and early summer, one of the most important general functions of the bulky organics is to retain water in the soil. Most of the pronounced "organic effects" seen in field experiments this year are effects of increased water retention. This fact probably accounts in part for the great importance of bulky organics in vegetable production.

One can only be astonished at Sir Albert Howard's statement that the high incidence of virus in Lincolnshire potato seed is due to fertilisers. Viruses are present in wild stocks of potato brought from South America: the diseases they produce have been known since long before fertilisers were invented. It has also been known for nearly two centuries that in certain areas, where the green fly, which carries the disease, does not flourish at the appropriate time of the year for infection, virus-free seed can be raised. This matter has been dealt with by a reader of COUNTRY LIFE and so will not receive further treatment here, but it would be interesting to know on what evidence Sir Albert adduces a statement so utterly at variance with all known facts. In the same way the facile statement that fertilisers have produced the eelworm infestations is supported by no evidence known to me. The increase of potato eelworms is due mainly to faulty rotations, in which potatoes are too frequently grown.

Dealing with the "reasons" for the "superiority" of organic manures, Sir Albert says:

The answer to this question is provided by the important principle that what matters most in crop production is the synthesis of protein in the green leaf. When this takes place by

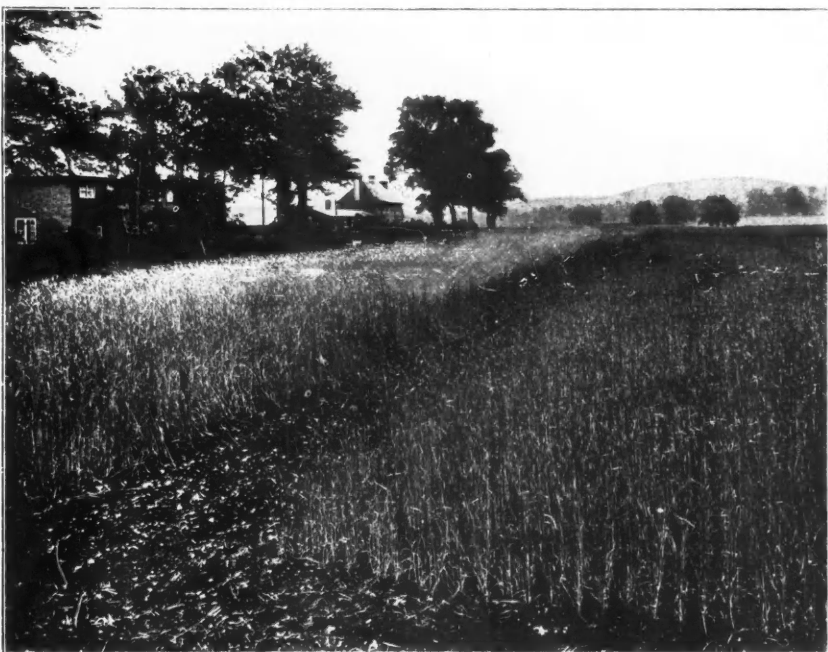
means of humus everything goes well—disease resistance, high quality and the power to reproduce the species all follow as a matter of course. Where, on the other hand, a substitute phase in the shape of artificials is interposed in the formation of protein, trouble ensues—the power to resist disease, high quality in the produce as well as the stability of the species are lost. Crop-production under these conditions fails.

#### LEY FARMING THE SOLUTION

Apart from the fact that crop production on many long-continued experiments other than those at Rothamsted has not failed under these conditions, this paragraph is open to the most serious scientific criticism from every angle. Almost every phrase is questionable. The "important principle" referred to is unknown to me: there are several vital physiological processes which go towards crop production, of which protein formation is only one. In any case, I know of no way in which it can be said that protein formation takes place "by means of humus." To be perfectly frank, this is nonsense, as also is the mention of a "substitute phase in the shape of artificials." Neither Sir Albert Howard nor anyone else has shown specific differences in the types of protein produced under organic manuring or manuring with fertilisers alone. The paragraph, because of its appearance of scientific phrasing, might lead the non-technical reader to believe that modern biochemistry supports Sir Albert's contentions: in fact it does not.

To attempt to maintain the organic status of the soil of Britain in general by means of composts and dung is a quixotic and unnecessarily laborious task. Sir George Stapledon and his collaborators have provided us with part of the answer to the problem of keeping up the supply of soil organic matter: it is ley farming, the use in a system of alternate husbandry, of short-term grass courses. There is nothing like the ley for adding organic matter to the soil simply and quickly.

The wide adoption of ley farming will solve the organic aspects of the soil fertility problem for agriculture in Britain as a whole. For specialised branches, such as horticulture, where a ley course would reduce seriously the average annual rate of profit per acre, other sources of organic matter will be necessary. Here the methods of such men as Captain Bomford of Pershore, who combines intensive stock-raising with horticulture and the skilful use of machinery, are already pointing the way forward. The solution does not lie with organics alone or with fertilisers alone: it is to be found in the intelligent use of both.



SOME OF THE BROADBALK PLOTS AT ROTHAMSTED. Since the introduction of fallow strips in 1928 the plot which has received neither organics nor fertilisers for 100 years has maintained a wheat yield at about the world average

# IN A PERSIAN GARDEN

By WILLIAM J. MAKIN



THE GARDEN AND PAVILION OF SHAH ABBAS (1600), THE CHATAL SITUN, ISFAHAN

ONE afternoon I stepped into a Persian garden. It lay a few yards from the road along which I was travelling to Teheran. As I passed expectantly beneath the arch of mud brick, disappointment halted me. A few scraggy plane trees, a yellowing palm and a stunted cypress flanked a tank of dirty water. A thin stream trickled through a pipe leading from a stream in the brown-bread hills that made up the background. [A little mound of sun-baked earth nursed a rose-bush. Such was my first Persian garden. I thought of the poet Sa'di's Garden of Roses, and sighed.]

I was tired, having travelled since early morning. I stumbled with some distaste over the rough flagstones at the side of the pool. They were stained with blotches of red as though murder had been committed. As I looked up and saw a Persian munching a pomegranate and spitting out the seeds, the mystery was explained. He smiled and shyly offered me a pomegranate. Happiness and enjoyment oozed from him in that garden. He even laughed aloud as a thin and hungry cat snapped at the trickle of water and raised its head with a glistening fish in its mouth. But even the cat was a disillusionment. All the time I was in Persia I never saw anything resembling those fluffy, comfortable beasts that in England we call Persian cats.

"There is a caravanserai at the other side of the garden," said my friend. "Let us drink some tea."

We turned our backs on this indifferent garden and passed through another mud archway. Heavily laden camels in a courtyard chewed and slobbered mirthlessly. But in the tea-house itself the samovar was bubbling. A portly Persian, swathed in a yellow sash and having the appearance of a retired bandit, came forward with the little pink glasses filled with hot tea.

We lounged in the heavily-carpeted interior. The leader of the camel caravan, whose sunken cheeks and glittering eyes told of an opium-smoker, sat cross-legged on a carpeted divan. He seemed lost in sinister contemplation. It was discovered that his camels carried a rich cargo of carpets from the hills for sale in the bazaar of Teheran. He had been two weeks on the journey.

But I was still pondering the disappointment of that first glimpse of a Persian garden. What had I expected to see? Something Elizabethan, a mirage at the end of the desert which might be a page plucked from an essay by Bacon? Already I had learned that the East is a land of continual surprise and that visions realised are usually incongruous. The beauty

of the East is elusive. Persian gardens as well as Persian carpets demand a careful æsthetic cultivation.

A brief glimpse was given. We had drunk our tea and wandered back into the garden. At that moment in the late afternoon, the light that bathes this roof of Asia began to play swift, twilight tricks. It was as though an expert in stage-lighting had drunkenly mixed his limes, switched on every arc, and thrown his "plot" at the stage-manager. Everything swam in a greenish-gold glow which soon would change to the electric-blue of night. The hills over which we had come seemed scored with molten lava as though Creation was still in progress. The desert in the far distance was greying like the face of a dying man.

In the golden glow the garden was transformed. It had a radiant beauty, and I was ready to linger in its cool comfort. The dirty water had taken on mysterious depths, and a few white petals floated on the surface. From the caravanserai came the tang of a wood fire. The evening star twinkled. Something of that theatrical East one finds in Elroy Flecker's verses stirred the mind reminiscently.

There were other figures in the garden. Figures of war. A Russian officer, sprucely uniformed, stood watching three of his men. Stripped to the waist, they were washing their thick-set torsos in the water. The aloofness of the officer and the quiet deliberation of the three Soviet soldiers suggested a scene from Tolstoy's *War and Peace*. This was dispelled by the red hammer and sickle badges on their caps. And outside the garden were two huge, heavily-laden American trucks carrying supplies to the Caspian. One of the Russian soldiers finished his ablutions and walked about with a flower in his mouth. His face, with its Mongolian traits, was expressionless. Reluctantly we left the Persian garden with its scent of petrol mingling with wood-smoke and roses.

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In the next few weeks I saw many Persian gardens. I learned to delight in them, particularly after long journeys over dun-coloured wastes or through cruel ravines. The gardens gave grateful shade from the stark sunlight. One began to understand why Sa'di and Hafiz came to praise in verse these oases surrounded by mud walls. Always these gardens revealed the Arab genius for geometry. Oblong or square, the right angle dominated by reason of irrigation. Even the flowers were set out in geometrical fashion. And always there was the square or oblong tank. This, together with one tree, would constitute a garden. I never saw a lawn, except in one or two of the royal palaces.

Yet in every sense of the word, a Persian garden is a retreat. To the Persian mind it conjures a pool as a mirror of refreshment, and trees to cool and dim the relentless light. I liked best to stumble



A COLLEGE GARDEN IN TEHERAN

across those abandoned gardens, where a crumbling palace in the distance told of the unexpected vicissitudes of Eastern fortune. There, with the water in the tank stagnant, the flowers withered and the trees dying, I could see the desert creeping to cast its dusty death upon this once pleasant and romantic garden. In such a garden Omar might have written:

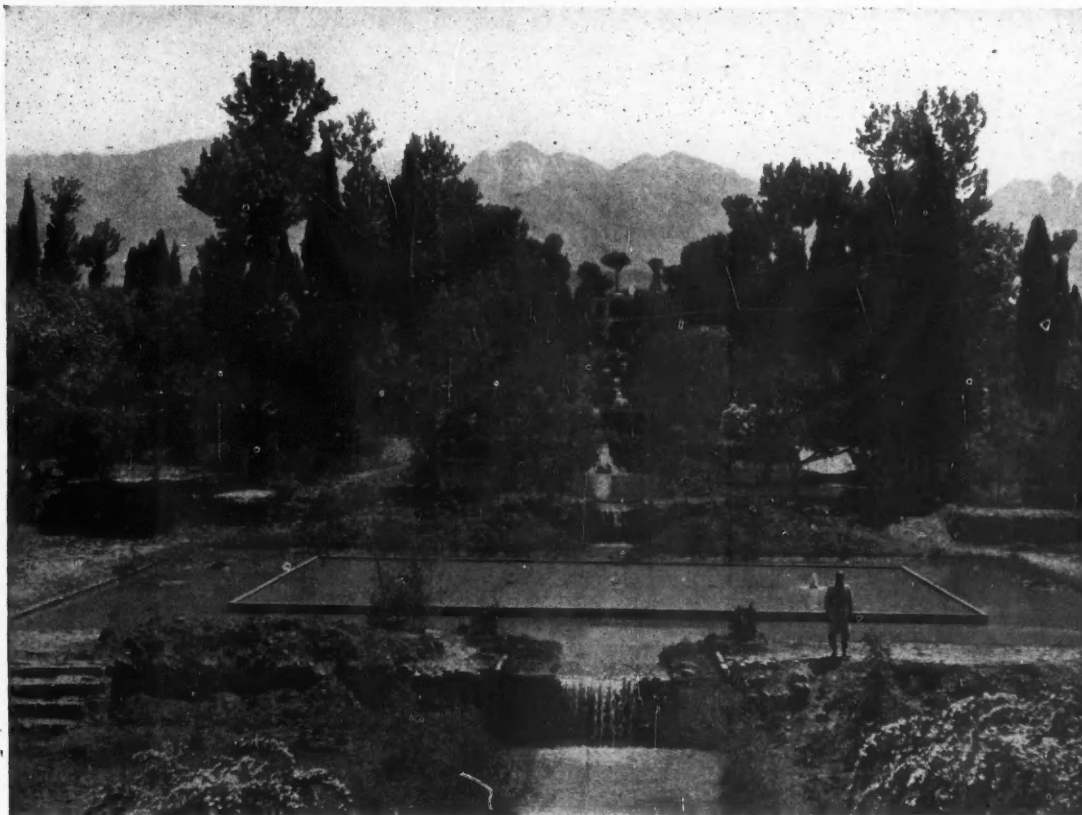
Set into Dust, and under  
Dust, to lie,  
As wine, sans Song, sans  
Singer, and—sans End!

A pity that the sad and often exciting tales of these gardens have been lost, even to the story-tellers in the Persian bazaars. But something lingers in their names. There are the Garden of the Forty Bodies, the Garden of the All-Well, the Garden of the Theme, the Garden of the Tomb of Hafiz and the Garden of the Tomb of Sa'at.

Gardens, always a passion with the Persians, gave the first real *motif* to their finest carpets. In the days when Persian artists signed their carpets as our artists do their canvases, the theme would be some phase of the glories of this world as revealed in flowers and trees. In the old and best Persian carpets there can be found a celebration of the garden beauties of blossoms and shrubbery, often with prowling beasts and fluttering birds. Some artists went further and staged wars in the gardens, with horsemen charging and legions dying. The Persian miniaturists carried on this tradition, and the garden is as much a background for their colourful imagination as it is to the painter of Japanese prints.

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Some of the finest gardens in Persia are to be found in the heart of Isfahan, a city that still retains something of the Oriental splendour of Shah Abbas, the greatest ruler in Persian history. But even the gardens of Isfahan are hidden behind mud walls and are not easily accessible. It is ironic to find that some of the best gardens in the city are possessed by a newly-rich class, owners of cotton and woollen mills which have sprung up within the shadows of the magnificent mosques there. In the garden of one millionaire I was overwhelmed by a blue- and golden-domed mosque rising out of the indifferent shrubbery at the bottom. A theatrical drop-scene, against which the millionaire had incongruously set his modern,



A GARDEN NEAR KERMAN

German-built villa. One of the most charming of old-world rose gardens is that belonging to the British Consulate in Isfahan. To attempt concentration on an official file within range of that overpowering perfume in the summer is maddeningly impossible.

In Teheran, many beautiful gardens disappeared when the former Shah, Reza Khan, insisted on building new highways through the city. These often drove right across the big gardens of princes and rich merchants. The decree was ruthless, however, and the rich owners of the gardens were cautious enough not to demand compensation or to protest. But the Shah himself still retained the grandiose gardens of his palaces. I spent a morning wandering through the garden of the old palace where the famous Peacock Throne is still housed and guarded by two shabby old men.

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This was the palace garden where the Shahs of yesterday, those playboys of Paris and Deauville, sported with their many wives and eunuchs. It gives the paradoxical impression of a vicious Victorianism hiding behind high walls. The flowers have an exotic brilliance.

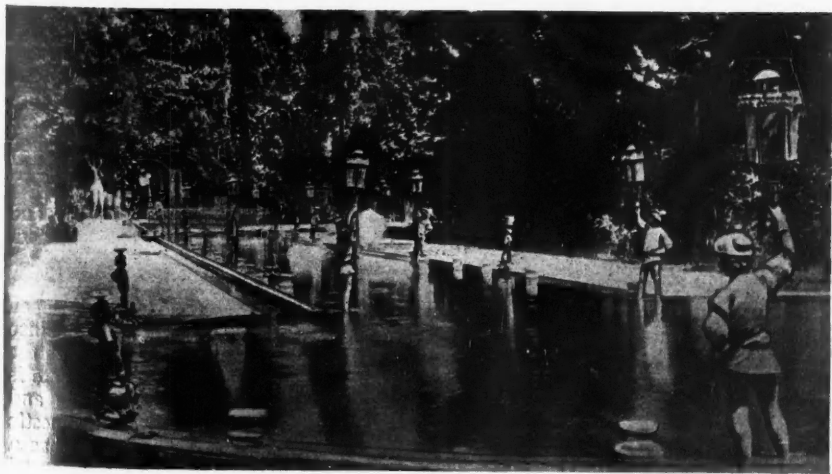
Their colours riot against walls radiant with faience. Trees are ranged like watchful sentries, and the cypresses give the appearance of tall spearmen. Fountains spring up magically in shaded corners. The singing of the birds is like an interminable musical-box. Streams flow over blue-tiled beds. And the pool, with its goldfish beading the surface, recalls the days when Ali Shah amused himself in these precincts.

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A few evenings later I had an audience with the youthful Shah Mohammed Reza. This was held in his private palace, a hundred yards distant. Here the garden was a frank disappointment. I drove along a curved gravel path which swept a formalised bed of flowers as unpretentious as that of a mansion in Putney. The palace, reminiscent of a modern villa in the south of France, was entered by a series of tiled steps. And the continental atmosphere was emphasised by the interior of the palace itself with its polished wood walls, sectional bookshelves, concealed lighting and central heating.

But in Teheran are also the spacious gardens, large enough to be called parks, of the British and Soviet embassies. Within these walls among scattered villas and parterres was held that famous Teheran conference of the leaders of the United Nations. Never were gardens such an unusual background for high diplomacy. The sight of Marshal Stalin, in a long, grey military coat, striding the gravel paths and followed by Soviet military chiefs in their dark blue uniforms, gave a queer aspect to a peaceful scene. So did the tanks and Tommy-guns without the walls. A drama of war with a Watteau setting!

Another incongruous moment was when Mr. Churchill in dinner-jacket bustled past a rose-bush to greet President Roosevelt. The red-tabbed generals and staff officers grouped themselves unconsciously against a riot of red geraniums. Diplomats in morning-coats tiptoed like trespassers about to be accosted. They often were accosted by military sentries and made to produce identification cards in Russian and English. Beneath the pines and behind clumps of hydrangeas lurked those watchful Secret Service men with bulging hip-pockets. When Sikh guards presented arms slickly, startled pigeons fluttered away. Jeeps and military cars swirled towards the villas. It was a fantastic drama played against a beautiful, but wrong, backcloth.



MODERN GARDENS OF THE IMPERIAL HAREM, TEHERAN

# HARVINGTON HALL, WORCESTERSHIRE—III

THE PROPERTY OF THE ARCHDIOCESE  
OF BIRMINGHAM (R.C.)

*The wall paintings discovered in 1937, and executed probably 1576-78, have been described by Professor E. W. Tristram as "one of the most interesting sets of paintings in the domestic art of this period."*

By CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY

**F**R. BROWNLOW recorded in his memoir on Harvington Hall that the date 1576 was scratched on one of the diamond panes of a window near the top of the great staircase. From that it may be inferred that the staircase had been completed and the windows glazed by that time. John Pakington, who had succeeded to the property in 1569, almost certainly re-built the earlier house in its present form before his death in 1578, by which year it is reasonable to conclude that its internal decoration was finished. Though the two centuries of neglect, terminated in 1930 by the present ownership, have deprived the house of so much of its original contents, including the staircase itself, they had the compensating result of preserving beneath layers of whitewash a great part of the remarkable paintings.

The two most notable series of decorations were discovered on the walls of the first- and second-floor corridors of the west block, and of the newel staircase connecting them. The corridors lead off the great staircase, the walls of which were themselves stippled in colours, and had painted on them a repetition of the newel posts, balusters and rail of the stairs, as is found at Knole, Aston Hall and elsewhere. But there are also fragments of earlier painted decoration. The timber-studded wall on the north side of the first-floor landing of the great staircase has a foliage and fruit design in black on a grey background, of late 15th-century date. Incidentally this confirms the view, expressed previously, that



2.—THE NEWEL STAIRCASE, SHOWING ELIZABETHAN PAINTINGS UNDER THE TREADS AND ON THE WALLS

From a drawing by Miss E. Matley Moore, by permission of the Victoria and Albert Museum



1.—THE BRIDGE AND EAST SIDE, ACROSS THE MOAT

considerable portions of the late mediæval house were incorporated in the Elizabethan one. The room over the gateway also has a fragment of decoration of about the same period, described last week.

The Elizabethan designs in the corridors are of two types. One consisted of apparently continuous arabesques of human, animal, and bird forms interwoven with foliage, in which spiral scrolls formed a larger geometrical pattern. They are executed in tempera, black on white, with the nude figures that are freely introduced tinted flesh pink. The most complete section is that over the door to the room at the south end of the first-floor passage (Figs. 4 and 5), from which it is possible to visualise the appearance of the passage when the design extended, as no doubt was originally the case, over all the walls. At the top is a frieze with the familiar *motif* of cherub heads and vases linked by floral scrolls. The lunette above the door, filled with a scallop, may have been connected with a painted architectural treatment of the doorway woodwork, now perished. The remainder of the space is occupied by a design centred on a two-tailed mermaid twined into spiral scrolls that terminate in torsos. There are traces of the continuation of the design on the side walls, and in the reveal of the window, but the majority of the other fragments of this series are on the walls of the newel staircase (Fig. 2) adjoining the passage on the left of Fig. 4. Reproductions of these are illustrated from the admirable copies executed by Miss E. Matley Moore and now preserved at the Victoria and Albert Museum and the Birmingham Reference Library. Comparison of them with Fig. 5, photographed from the original *in situ*, incidentally shows the accuracy and beauty of the copies.

The human figures introduced are drawn with a freedom and knowledge of anatomy that are remarkable in work of this kind. There is an exquisite little group of a girl with a child on her back (Fig. 11) in which the drawing is both sure and sensitive. Another fragment (Fig. 6) shows how the general design in Fig. 5 was developed and varied, and the delicate figure drawings were assimilated into the over-all texture. Elsewhere a hound chases a rabbit through the foliage, or a vase contains a spray of foliage. Throughout there is evidence of an accomplishment much superior to the crude and summary delineation that is almost universal in English domestic wall paintings of this date. Professor E. W. Tristram, who has a more extensive knowledge of the subject than anybody, has pronounced these paintings to be "of the greatest value, as they throw considerable light on the painted treatment of houses of this period," and "one of the



3.—THE STAIRCASE, AS IT WAS IN 1896. With painted repetition of balustrade and newel posts on the wall

*From a photograph in the Stone Collection, Birmingham Reference Library*

most interesting sets of paintings I have ever seen in domestic art of this period."

Nothing is known of their authorship, but a deduction can be drawn from examining their handling. They obviously belong to the category generally called "arabesque," a word denoting a decorative design in flowing lines and derived from the abstract art of the East which reached Europe through the Moors. More accurately, however, they are "grotesques," the term given by Italian cinquecento artists to the type of decoration found in Roman buildings, Pompeii, and the catacombs or grottoes, and adopted by such artists as Giulio Romano and Bramante. The



4.—THE FIRST-FLOOR PASSAGE WITH PARTS OF ELIZABETHAN PAINTED DECORATIONS



5.—MURAL DECORATION IN FIRST-FLOOR PASSAGE  
(cf Fig. 4)



6.—A FRAGMENT OF ARABESQUE ON THE NEWEL STAIRCASE



7.—DAVID



8.—SAMSON

Details of *The Nine Worthies* decorating the second-floor passage. Figs. 6, 7, 8, 9, 10 and 11 are reproduced from copies by Miss E. Matley Moore

most famous Renaissance grotesques were Raphael's decorations of the Loggia of the Vatican, which were widely imitated. But the classical and Italian grotesques can be described as compositions built up on the *motif* of candelabra—attenuated vertical forms related to architecture or metal-work. Although the idea of the Harvington type of arabesque was probably inspired by the general effect of Italian Renaissance grotesques, the whole design in this case is fundamentally different, Northern not Southern in origin. The human and floral *motifs* are classical, but the twining convolutions of spirals and scrolls are essentially Northern and Gothic in their abounding energy. The foundation of the design is not the static Roman candelabrum but the dynamic Gothic curve. These designs appear therefore to belong to the northern Renaissance version of the classical grotesque, which flourished in Flanders and southern Germany, with its centres at Antwerp and Nuremberg. One

can, indeed, perhaps detect in the girl and child drawing an affinity with some of the followers of Dürer or Lucas van Leyden, and in the general character with some of Holbein's decorative designs. But the closest parallel is undoubtedly with the Flemish production centres of applied arts, with which relations were particularly close in the second half of the sixteenth century, and whence were to emanate a little later the pattern books of de Bruyn, Vredeman de Vries, Crispin de Pass and others. In the very decade when Harvington was building, Guicciardini (1568) describes the extent and value of Antwerp's exports to England of jewels, wrought silks, tapestry, glass, metal goods, and household furniture, among other commodities; and Sir Thomas Gresham employed a Fleming, Henryk, for the building of the Royal Exchange, for which all the materials, down to the statue of Queen Elizabeth and the paving-stones, were shipped from Antwerp. In these decorations the

Flemish note is most evident in the frieze design—familiar from innumerable carved cornices in Jacobean woodwork, while the floral human-headed scrolls were a common theme in imported Flemish woodwork of the period. The conclusion therefore seems to be that the painting is the work of Flemish or German artists, and it is perhaps significant that John Pakington's father was a London merchant, possibly with contacts in that direction.

The other series of decorations occurs in the second-floor passage, 47 ft. long by 7 ft. high but only 4 ft. 6 ins. broad, and consists in the remains of almost life-size figure drawings. There is space for nine of them, though portions remain of only six. They evidently depict *The Nine Worthies*, a favourite subject of illustration in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries and normally comprising Joshua, David, Judas Maccabaeus, Hector, Alexander, Julius Caesar, Arthur, Charlemagne, and Godfrey



9.—DETAIL OF ARABESQUE. FIRST-FLOOR PASSAGE



10.—JUDAS MACCABAEUS OR JOSHUA. SECOND FLOOR



11.—AN EXQUISITE FRAGMENT ON THE NEWEL STAIRCASE

de Bouillon. The team varies, sometimes including Hercules, or Pompey, or Guy of Warwick.

The six remaining figures at Harvington have been identified as Hercules, Pompey, David slaying Goliath (Fig. 7), Samson and the Philistine (Fig. 8), Judas Maccabaeus or Joshua, a mounted figure trampling on prostrate enemies (Fig. 10), and one identified by Mr. Hodgkinson as Guy of Warwick. This latter shows a small man battling with a big one. According to the legend, when the Danes were besieging Winchester they offered to decide the issue by single combat, producing as their champion the great coltbron "treading two yards at every step." King Athelstan lamented that Guy, a doughty but diminutive Englishman, was no more; whereat an aged Palmer came forward and offered to take on the giant. He turned out, of course, to be none other than Guy of Warwick returned from pilgrimage, and his strength had lost nothing of its former strength.

Though very different in subject from the other series the Worthies drawings show the same freedom and competence—witness the David and Samson—though the artist is not always quite so sure with these large figures as with the small ones. Though both series are clearly of the same school, Miss Matilda Moore is convinced from her detailed study



13.—THE SMALL CHAPEL, PAINTED WITH RED AND WHITE DROPS, EMBLEMS OF THE PASSION



12.—PAINTED DOOR, GREAT HALL

of the paintings that the arabesques are the work of at least four painters, and the Worthies of a fifth.

There must have been many similar decorations in the houses of the period, and no doubt other work by this group of artists. A similarity has been noted between the grotesques here and those at Polstead Hall, Suffolk, which I have not seen. But few if any survive of comparable execution to these: those that have survived being almost always inferior productions in unimportant houses that have never been thoroughly redecorated. The larger houses, which contained the better paintings, have either been drastically redecorated in the seventeenth, eighteenth or nineteenth centuries, or have perished altogether. Only the exceptional circumstances prevailing at Harvington, involving the whitewashing over of the paintings in the seventeenth century, and the subsequent maintenance of the house in a state of suspended animation from 1700 onwards, have preserved these. Why or when they were covered up is unknown, but it can certainly not have been later than 1700 when the Throckmortons made their

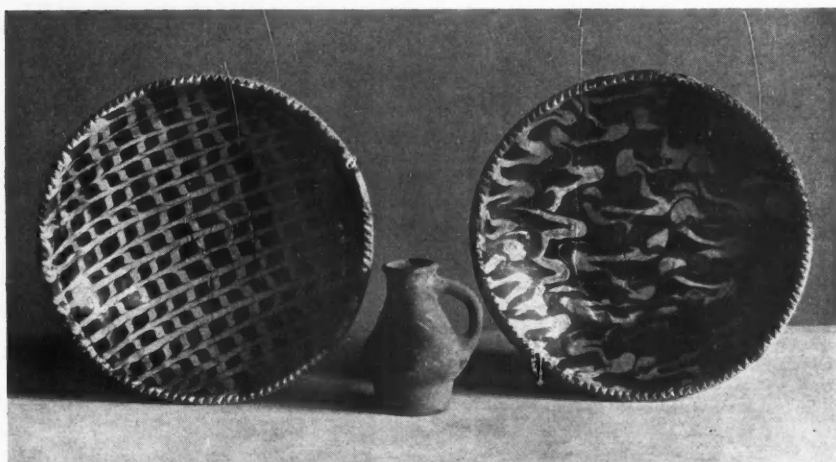
alterations, and might have been as early as the 1630s when Lady Yate, it has been suggested, had the secret hiding-places inserted.

There are other interesting traces of coloured decoration. The door in the great hall (Fig. 12), painted in black, brown, and red, on a yellow ground, possibly preserves the design of the panelling described as "decorated with beautiful arabesque drawings in black and red." It is a rare survival of untouched Elizabethan *décor*. The room known as the Chapel, on the top floor, has a pretty design, painted on the white-washed bricks, of conventional sprays of flowers issuing from vases, derived from a late 17th-century needlework pattern. Another small upper room, when the dust and whitewash of centuries were removed, revealed its timber-studded walls *semés* with drops or gouttes, red or white in alternate rows. On the wall opposite the window (left of Fig. 13) the pattern ceases, in the position where an altar would have stood, and where, in confirmation, wax from altar candles still adheres to the wall. Evidently this room was at some time also used as a chapel, and the design represents the drops of blood and tears of the Passion.

The symbolism held a vivid reality for the folk of Harvington during the phases of Catholic oppression in the

seventeenth century. Lady Yate, the last of the Pakingtons of Harvington, maintained her husband's faith throughout her long possession of the house—from before the Civil Wars till the reign of William III. The persecution fomented by Titus Oates's scare of a "Popish plot" struck the Harvington community in the person of the Franciscan missionary John Wall, who administered the neighbourhood apparently from the Hall. Though himself the last Catholic to be martyred for his faith in England, he was one of 20 to undergo a cruel death at that time, which he faced with the utmost sanctity at Worcester in 1679. A precious possession of Harvington is a *True Copy* of his speech upon the scaffold.

Among other objects preserved in the little museum formed at the end of the painted passage are a number of slip-ware vessels and dishes recovered from the moat, all cast there because they had been broken, but now skilfully mended (Fig. 14). Whether of immediately local or Staffordshire make, these survivors of the spontaneous craftsmanship that touched the commonest objects with beauty are typical of this old house, stripped of so much, yet, by very reason of its centuries of neglect, so uniquely rich in the atmosphere and arts of England's adolescence.



14.—SLIP-WARE DISHES RECOVERED FROM THE MOAT. SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

# WHEN COUNTY CRICKET STARTS AGAIN

By E. H. D. SEWELL

**A**LTHOUGH we have had our full share of cloud this season the fact that the cricket skies seem to be clearing brings the thought that county cricket will be resumed next year. Whether this hope will materialise only the future can tell, but if county cricket had been suddenly resumed this August, it is the fact that, with only five notable exceptions, the county elevens would have been the same as those of August, 1939. First-class cricket's losses, as in the last war, are again not comparable with those of Rugby football, in which 33 internationals have fallen. Cricket has lost K. Farnes, of Essex, H. Verity, of Yorkshire, and M. J. Turnbull, of Glamorgan; county cricket has to mourn F. H. J. Chalk, of Kent, and F. Lee, of Somerset. Otherwise the County XIs of 1939 are intact, though five years older and in some cases have joined the "fat and forty" brigade, with whom stooping and sprightliness in the field are not what they were, and footwork when batting must savour less of the light fantastic.

The only time I saw Hutton play, he, possibly because of the absence of Sutcliffe, batted better than usual. There was no Lancashire or Test match influence in the air, nor any of that baneful doctrine "you must not cut before lunch" to curb his bat mastery or the easy grace of the many strokes in his repertoire. On Whit Monday making 84, c. and b. Christofani, he was able to have a good look at a couple of very probable Australian Test match bowlers in R. Christofani, right-hand medium, and R. S. Ellis, a very clever slow left. Both bowl the googlie, and of the two, Ellis looks to me to be the more dangerous for all kinds of wickets. But if the other gets a responsive surface (which will not be the case at Lord's, where the pitches are now hopelessly easy) we shall see some fireworks.

These two are easily the best bowlers seen at Lord's in this war. Next to them are A. W. H. Mallett, Royal Marines, medium right, and R. Jenkins, a right-handed googlie bowler who played a few times for Worcestershire before the war. When he has his field properly placed and his captain uses him at the right times, Jenkins is going to hand in some good analyses. Best of the other bowlers has been the Old Wellingtonian, New Zealand Test player, F. T. Badcock, who is one of the old stock right-handed type who make everybody play for runs, no matter how good the wicket.

I have been studying the effect in actual play of the new regulation "a new ball at 55 overs," instead of at 200 runs. I assume here that conditions permitted the M.C.C. such an extravagance; which they did not. The rule has been a new ball at start of play, "and that, gentlemen, is your ration for the day," except in the so-called Varsity match which has been dubbed irreverently, perhaps, but with a modicum of truth "Tics v. Crusaders." This game cost the club a new ball per innings, net expenditure 35 shillings. The M.C.C. did not unbend when "England" played "Australia," on May 29, so, while England were getting for four wickets the 244 required to win, we saw Australia bowling with a brown ball on a grey pitch, for it has been a curious fact that, after about five o'clock the wicket has seemed, in the lowering sun, to be grey-tinted.

Here are the figures which reveal how, in nine of the chief matches at Lord's, the new ball at 55 overs rule would have worked:—

Date	Batting Side	Total	Overs bowled	Runs per over
May 13	Army	214	67.3	3.1
	Civil Defence	215 (8 w.)	59.2	3.6
May 20	Australian A.F.	170	63	2.6
	R.A.F.	123	38	3.2
May 27	The Rest	280	67	4.1
	Australian A.F.	282 (9 w.)	73	3.8
May 29	Australian A.F.	243	78	3.1
	England	244 (4 w.)	48	5.08
June 10	England	243 (7 w.dec.)	67	3.6
	West Indies	77	36	2.1
June 17	Australian A.F.	237	71	3.3
	Army	160	54	2.9
June 24	Oxford	184 (9 w.dec.)	88	2.0
	Cambridge	186 (4 w.)	36	5.1
July 8	West of England	203	71	2.8
	A Lord's XI	204 (5 w.)	60	3.2
July 15	Australian A.F.	245	81	3.0
	Civil Defence	186 (9 w.)	54	3.4

It was not possible for me to know what the total was at the end of the 55th over in those innings where more than 55 overs were bowled. These figures are also no guide as to how that new regulation will work in the stodgier realms of three-day county cricket, which is an entirely different branch of the game from one-day war-time doesn't-matter cricket. But, so far as it goes this table gives Oxford the slow scoring record and Cambridge just wins that for most runs per over, from an England side in which Hammond made 1, and the stroke-playing Hutton 84, and Ames 60 not out.

The clear successes in the Varsity match were P. E. Bodkin (Bradfield), 52; N. G. Darrah (Wrekin), 50 not out for Cambridge; H. Ll. Pullinger (Worcester G.S.), a grand fielder, 47 not out; and M. E. A. Keeling (Eton), 55 as batsmen. Neither side had anything like a first-class bowler. It will be surprising if another very fine fielder P. V. Harvey, a left-hander who made only 8 for Oxford, does

not make a packet in the future. This game produced in T. C. K. Mair (Loretto and Trinity, Cambridge), the slowest bowler since J. H. Bruce-Lockhart, the Cambridge googlie bowler of about 1907, who is now headmaster of Sedburgh. But I think Mair must have achieved altitude record on June 24. A likely bowler to put on with the sun behind him, after tea!

Best of the Australian batsman, out by himself, is Keith Miller, who never lets the ball hit the bat. He is followed by R. Stanford, C. T. Calvert, J. Workman, and D. K. Carnody (now a prisoner of war), with A. D. Macdonald, a useful left-handed No. 9, who would be set in higher in any county eleven. In S. G. Sisley, N.S.W., Australia has a ready-made successor to superb W. A. Oldfield with the gloves. All going well the game will hear a lot more of these go-ahead, dynamic, chaps. They have class cricket stamped all over them, as has the best young "find" of the season, E. K. Scott (Clifton, Oxford and St. Mary's), who has come on a lot since he was at Oxford and is already fit to play for the Gentlemen and for England—a real cricketer and a grand field.

## LATE-FLOWERING BULBS



ONE OF THE ARISTOCRATS OF THE LATE SUMMER PAGEANT

Belladonna lilies (*Amaryllis Belladonna*) in a sunny and sheltered border

**B**EFORE the war, gardeners generally were beginning to take more and more interest in the many lovely bulbous plants which choose the late summer and autumn for their season of beauty, and now, when the horizon is brighter and the ornamental side of the garden is coming into its own again, it is to be hoped that the interest in these late-flowering treasures will be revived.

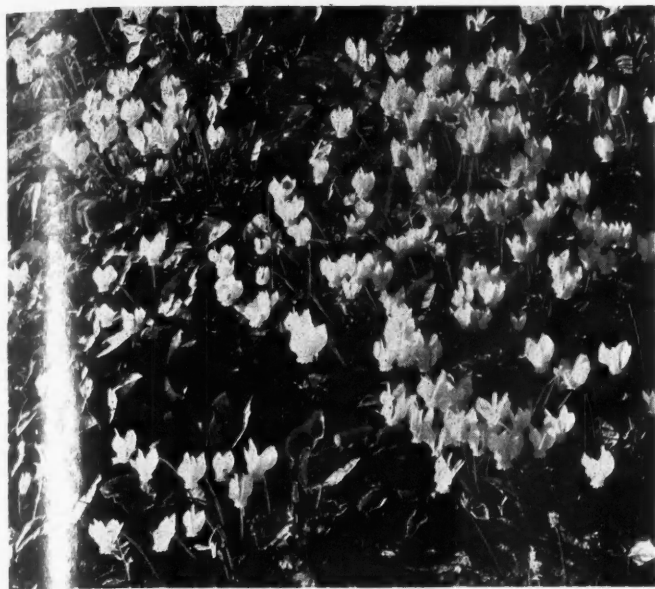
A generation or more ago many of them were regarded as being much too tender to be trusted outside the shelter of a greenhouse, but, with the more adventurous spirit which has been a feature of gardening during the past quarter of a century, it has been found that most of them, even those hailing from the Cape like the Kaffir lily, *Schizostylis coccinea*, and the lovely *Nerine Bowdeni*, are quite adaptable and can be trusted to flourish in the open in suitable sunny and sheltered situations in inland gardens and in those favoured districts near the sea and in the west. Generally speaking, their behaviour depends on the weather, but, in the Indian summers we so often experience, they respond admirably and give the gardener little trouble in management.

Chief among these early autumnal beauties come the autumn-flowering colchicums and crocuses. The meadow saffrons, as the colchicums are picturesquely named, call even for less comment perhaps than their cousins, for they are better known. At least that is probably true only of the common mauve-coloured species *C. autumnalis* and its albino form and the rosy lilac *Flore pleno* variety, which are all widely planted about in grassy places where they provide a floral carpet in late September,

with all the beauty of the visual display.

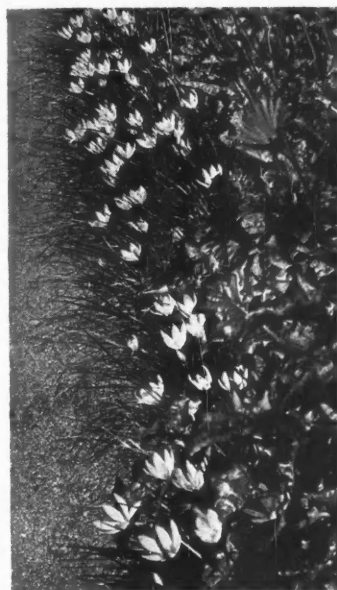
Their newer hybrid cousins, which are far superior to the common species in both size and colouring, are, however, less well known. These, descended from the dark lilac *C. giganteum* and forms of *C. speciosum* and *C. autumnale*, are invested with all the best qualities of their parents, and, if they can now be obtained, such named kinds as Water Lily, Autumn Queen and Lilac Wonder are well worth having. The giant violet-coloured *C. Bornmuelleri* and its form *magnificum* are also too good to overlook, and the same is true of *C. speciosum* with grand rosy crimson goblets and its albino, a bulb of incomparable beauty with handsome goblets of a pure white which venture forth in October and compel admiration when seen in all their chaste loveliness.

The autumn-flowering crocuses are all dainty treasures that cannot fail to appeal to the connoisseur in good plants. None, perhaps, is more reliable than *Crocus speciosus*, which is also one of the earliest to show colour. Planted in a place where it can be left undisturbed, it soon spreads and forms a flowery carpet of rich violet blue in late September or early October. A somewhat variable species, it has produced several forms, among which the albino and that called *Aitichisonii* are the most desirable. The Lebanon crocus, *C. zonatus*, with blooms of rosy pink, and the cool lavender *C. pulchellus* are two others worth having, and, once these are happily established, the inexpert can extend his collection to include the creamy white *C. ochroleucus* and the longer-legged, lavender-flowered *C. longiflorus*, which helps to bridge the gap between the autumnals and the real



(Left) AN ATTRACTIVE GROUNDWORK OF HARDY CYCLAMEN. These charming groundlings will succeed in the most inhospitable situations where little else can be induced to thrive

(Right) A DELIGHTFUL EDGING OF THE PERUVIAN SWAMP LILY FOR SEPTEMBER EFFECT. *Zephyranthes candida*, a charming associate for Belladonna lilies or the brilliant Gerberas, with which it is seen here



(Below) LATE SUMMER BEAUTY IN THE GARDEN AT PORT LYMPNE. *Magnolia grandiflora* with a groundwork of colchicums

winter flowering kinds like the lovely butter yellow *C. chrysanthus* E. A. Bowles.

It is to the Amaryllis family that we must look for most of our other autumn-flowering bulbs. In the Belladonna Lily (*A. Belladonna*) we have the most distinguished beauty, although its relatives the Sternbergias and the charming white-flowered *Zephyranthes candida*, if of more humble growth, are no less lovely. Gardeners generally seem to fight shy of this valuable trinity as well as their other relations, the Nerines, but they are not difficult plants to manage, provided they have the right spot. At the foot of a south wall or in some equally warm and sunny place, the Belladonna Lily will be quite comfortable, and if the summers are at all kind the planter will be rewarded with its handsome clusters of fragrant rosy pink blooms at least three years out of five. Of the several forms the one called *Parkeri* with flowers of deep rosy crimson is the most desirable, and a note should be made to obtain in due course the pure white Hathor which originated in Australia some years before the war but is still scarce.

In common with the Belladonna, *Zephyranthes* and *Sternbergia* want all the sun they can get, and they are never happier than in some narrow border at the foot of a south or west wall, where they can enjoy a thorough sun-baking. *Sternbergia lutea* with rich golden yellow goblets and its earlier cousin *S. maerantha* are both charming groundlings. Although more certain of themselves in a border, they will succeed in short and



thin grass, a setting that does much to enhance their beauty.

Those two lovely South Africans, *Nerine Bowdeni* and *Schizostylis coccinea*, are less capricious in their ways than either *Zephyranthes* or the Sternbergias, and there is never the same risk of disappointment. Both will flourish in any warm and sunny spot and provide a charming picture through October and early November.

No one planting for autumnal effect should overlook the two hardy cyclamen, *C. europæum* and *C. neapolitanum*. No more delightful groundlings exist and none is more valuable. Tolerant of drought and shade, they can be trusted to flourish in the most inhospitable places and a planting round the base of a tree will bring a generous reward in a most attractive groundwork carpet of foliage and flower. Even ivy holds no terrors for these two cyclamen, and, when their dainty shuttlecocks of rosy pink, swinging on slender stems and set off by deep green and marbled foliage, are in their full tide of loveliness, they provide one of the most picturesque and delightful sights in the autumn garden, and that is saying a good deal. G. C. TAYLOR.

(Left) A SEPTEMBER CARPET OF AUTUMN CROCUSES (COLCHICUMS) IN THE GARDEN AT HIDCOTE

# JUDGING DISTANCE

A Golf Commentary by BERNARD DARWIN

I AM sure I have told before, but I will venture again, the little story of the old gentleman delving in the bunker in front of the fourth green at Woking, as Freddie Tait's truly prodigious tee shot sent a ball plumping down into the sand beside him. The old gentleman was purple with rage when Freddie came up with his engaging grin and said that he was exceedingly sorry but that he was quite a beginner. The old gentleman received this apology on the whole very graciously but could not refrain from adding "At the same time I wish to heaven you'd gauge your distance better." This matter of gauging distance is one in which the really great players usually excel. No doubt they are good instinctive judges and their natural talent is improved by much practice on strange courses. They get to know their powers in yards with particular clubs very precisely and are generally seen to consult their cards as well as their caddies. Harry Vardon always had the reputation of being an especially good judge of distance and he, I seem to remember, had a method of his own. When in doubt he would retire some little way to one side or the other of the line and take a sidelong survey of the position. He probably could not have explained exactly how it helped him, but it clearly did, and he was seldom caught tripping, even at holes entirely new to him.

The subject came into my head the other day when I played a round on a little nine-hole course and was entirely "confuzzled and done over" by the lengths of the various shots. Having had considerable experience of playing on courses strange to me I used to think I was as good at judging distance as most other people, but my vanity has received a shock, for this course was too much for me. Certainly it was a very odd one, an essentially primitive course, reminiscent of those of fifty years ago when golf architecture was hardly known. To begin with it was entirely flat, so flat that one began to doubt whether science had not after all made a gigantic error in holding the world to be round.

The ground was hard and of a uniform yellowish hue. There was nothing whatever in the way save one stony ditch which was always turning up, a most ubiquitous ditch but wholly invisible from the tee. Except for one short hole, to be hereinafter mentioned as the lawyers have it, the holes seemed all of much the same length, say from 370 to 420 yards, and I always forgot to look for the length on the tee box till it was too far to go back. On either side of each green with a wide opening between them were two small grass-grown and partially atrophied bunkers, and, save for a hedge or two behind the greens and some fairly innocent rough, that was all. I do not think that my friend Mr. Tom Simpson would have thought that it came under the denomination of a first-class course, but one thing about it would have delighted him; there were no "light houses." That is the scornful name he applies to bunkers which do the competent player little harm, since they very seldom catch him, but much good in that they guide his eye and help him to judge distances. Here there was no single ghost of a light house.

"The premier made an unfortunate start, got on to the rocks beyond the green and took nine to the hole." Such was an account of Mr. Arthur Balfour's medal round at North Berwick, which Cecil Hutchison used often to quote. I, too, made an unfortunate start. The first hole looked very long, but after I had hit a respectable drive with plenty of assisting run, it looked much shorter. I played a pitch—admittedly not very well struck—and the ball dashed across the green, buried itself in an impenetrable hedge and was lost forever. To lose a ball is a serious business in these days and I confess that it shook me. I was mortally afraid of hedges after that and when in doubt took the smaller of two clubs. So I was usually short, but not always, for I overran the green into another though less deadly hedge and generally speaking I did not know whether I was on my head or my heels. The second shot might be anything between a mashie

and a spoon shot and I was none the wiser.

One moment of compensation I enjoyed. When at last I came to the short hole and read on the tee box that it was 150 yards long, I felt on surer ground. I positively took the right iron, reached the green and holed a long putt for a two. It was very soothing to the feelings, but it was a single bright spot in a wilderness of fives and sixes that ought, I suppose, to have been comfortable fours. That is to say they ought to have been fours if the stony ditch had not been placed at such a distance from the tee as to catch my best drives at the end of their run, and the putting greens had not been of a slippery roughness which defied calculation. At one point in the round my partner said she admitted the course was not very good, but pointed out to me the beauty of the great stretch of sky over the flat expanse. At that moment, my ball, from a reasonably good pitch, had hit the top of a telegraph pole and bounded back into the rough; so I said rather bitterly to her: "You can have the sky." There are times when skies lose their brightness. However, lest I appear to have dealt with the course in a contemptuous spirit or to have been too much influenced by my personal lack of success I may add that if my partner is willing, I certainly propose to go there again. To play there only costs what Mr. Montague Tigg called "the ridiculous amount of eighteen pence" and on the whole I think it is worth it. In fact, since this is no time for ungenerous sentiments, I am sure it is.

This was certainly the flattest course on which I had ever played and that may have had something to do with my utter confusion of mind, but it is not the flat courses as a rule on which distances are difficult to judge. It is rather those of long slopes and deep valleys; particularly to be found on the downs. The ball goes swooping away an apparently immeasurable distance and then either falls ignobly short or carries far over the target. One-shot holes from the top of a hill to a green far beneath make admirable booby traps. There was one now long departed, the last hole on the old nine-hole course at Cromer, where legend used to tell how Sandy Herd had carried not only the green but the club-house beyond it; a caddie ignorant of his powers handed him his driver on the tee.

I can think of several very good golfers indeed who on occasion have performed prodigies

of bad judgment. It would be libellous to mention them, but I may say they are all without exception hideously strong men, who apparently do not know their own strength and so now and then appear to go amiably mad. One of the most remarkable of such shots that I recall in recent years was an approach to the home hole at St. Annes, played in the Amateur Championship. The ball pitched on the top of the roof of the club-house, by no means a low building. For that matter I saw a player in a Scottish Championship playing his approach to the home hole at St. Andrews carry the railings at the back of the green. To be sure they are not so tall as a club-house but as evidence of temporary insanity they are worthy of consideration. Similarly the bank at the back of the home green at Walton Heath is no mean carry, and I still feel a twinge of pain in recalling a shot played there by a Woking hero in the final of the London Foursomes. Having nothing in the world to do but get over the bunker in front of the green, he turned in the face of his mashie and hit the ball with such inimitable fire that it carried everything and disappeared over the high road beyond the green. There was a happy ending to the story, the ball was safely pitched back and Woking won; but oh! let strong men beware of turning in the faces of their mashies!

The atmosphere can have much to do with the difficulty of judging distance and that even on courses with which we are familiar. I remember playing the last round or two of the Calcutta Cup at St. Andrews in a typical East of Scotland "haar" (if that be the way to spell it). Both my partner and I knew the course well and had had the advantage of several previous rounds and yet we felt terribly puzzled. In such a case, however, there is generally a landmark to give the clue to the right club, if only we can make up our minds to pay heed to it and not trust to our bamboozled eye. Clearness of atmosphere can likewise play strange tricks. When I first began to play on the Vardar marshes in Macedonia I found myself constantly trying to reach with an iron a point that I could not have hoped to reach with the best wooden club shot I had ever hit in my life, so clear was the air. It soon became easy to adapt oneself but at first one believed oneself attacked by then premature senility. Meanwhile I am wondering what will befall me when I revisit that odd little, flat little course which I have described. Shall I again go careering into hedges? If so, I really shall not be able to afford to play there, for a golf ball to-day is worth infinitely more than eighteen pence.

## FLYING WITH THE SWANS

By HARALD PENROSE

TURNING the pages of an old diary can be a sad pastime; yet often a stray sentence will recapture all the beauty and adventure of an incident that time has hidden.

So when I read: "April 24. While flying above Chesil Bank I saw two swans . . ." the whole incident was re-visualised. There was the green mass of Dorset fading into the misty distance on one hand, and on the other the shimmer of water stretching to an indefinable horizon where sky and sea blended into one vastness. Even the sunshine of that lost moment seemed to be felt once more.

Two swans flying: perhaps nothing very remarkable in that, for just within the great sweep of the Chesil pebbles is the Fleet—a narrow 10-mile stretch of water—having at its western end the Abbotsbury Swannery. There one can find nearly a thousand of these graceful birds, some sitting on their 6-ft. nests by the brooks under the willows, others feeding on the special weed of the Fleet, or, with a musical creaking of great pinions, beating their way off the water for one of the joy-flights of their mating.

To see swans in the air is always interesting. This occasion had an added fascination owing to the exceptional viewpoint.

I was flying at some 3,000 ft. when the

twinkle of white wings, seen not against the background colour of fields but the clear blue of the sea, attracted my attention. Screwing up my eyes, as I leaned over the cockpit side in the slip-stream, I saw two swans, in stepped echelon, flying eastward—making towards the swannery four miles ahead. I wondered if they were the pair which, for some strange fancy, had nested away from their fellows, in a small reedy pond on the shore-side at Swyre. Several times, the year before, I had seen them from the air—two small white specks on the edge of a barren and deserted stretch of ground.

Whether, now, these were my old friends or not, it seemed a unique opportunity to follow the track and evolutions of the birds. I therefore turned the aeroplane and dropped much lower in order to see them more clearly. In less than a minute I was about 1,000 ft. above the swans, and from that height every phase of their wing action and each little deviation of course could be watched.

Viewed from above, the beating of a bird's wings changes its emphasis from a purely up and down movement to a marked backward and forward stroke. The true motion is, of course, a combination of the two—of which the horizontal component is vital in obtaining accelerated air over the wing on the propulsive down-stroke, as well as reducing the resistance,

by shortening the time required when the wing is returned to the starting point of the next beat. The attitude of a bird is also largely controlled by this backward or forward shifting of the wing, which produces a manoeuvring couple by slightly altering the relation between the centres of pressure and gravity.

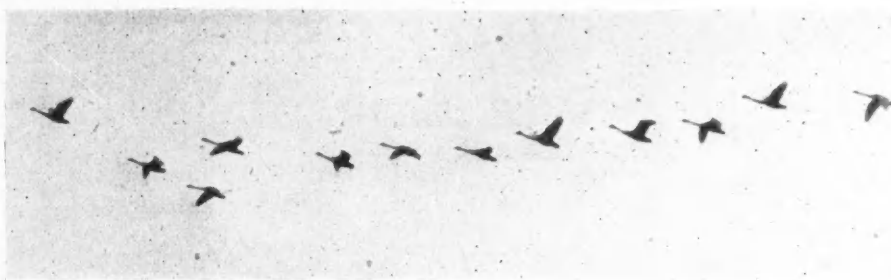
When one is flying in formation with a bird, especially one so large as a swan, study of wing motion is relatively easy, for it is continuous instead of the momentary character arising when a bird flashes past a stationary observer. The difficulty is that even with a slow aeroplane, flying at the slowest speed of which it is capable, the average bird is soon overtaken. It therefore becomes necessary to make a series of S turns in order to keep behind—and then the bird often becomes lost while the aeroplane banks round, and the wings obscure the view. A swan, however, flies faster than any of the many other birds with which I have tried to keep station, and it is easier to keep it under observation. The difficulty is to find an occasion when swan and aeroplane are flying at the same moment!

For a long time I had hoped to find a swan flying, so that I could compare its speed with that of my aeroplane, and therefore it was with particular interest that I watched this pair.

With engine throttled well back I crabbed along some way behind, and well over the land, so that the birds would not be frightened. I suppose they were about 100 ft. above the sea, flying with a slow but powerful wing motion. Watching from high above, it looked as though they were making swimming strokes rather than beating the air.

The root-portions of the wings gave the impression that they had little movement—were, in fact, like an aeroplane's wing—and that propulsion was derived from the stroking tip. Looking intently, it was possible to see that, at the wrist in the plan-form, a distinct angle was formed between outer and inner wing portions, and, although there actually was horizontal movement of the wing as a whole, the greater part came from the outer half swinging from the wrist. At the bottom of the downward and forward stroke the primary feathers showed their emarginations very clearly—and then the wing-tips appeared rounded and blunted—but at the top of the stroke they flexed to more pointed form. In phase with the beats was an indrawing and extension of the wing laterally, due to the method of raising the articulated wing: first the tips are left depressed, while the wrist moves upward, after which they are lifted with a flicking and twisting motion, preparatory to the full extension on the down stroke.

Such wing motion is, indeed, common to all birds, differing only in degree. What made the swan-flight so distinctive was the slow, easy



**SLOW, EASY MOTION, IMPRESSIVE SIZE OF THE WINGS, AND LONG OUT-STRETCHED NECK, WHICH UNDULATES A LITTLE WITH EACH STROKE**

motion, the impressive size of the wings, and the long outstretched neck, which undulates a little with each stroke.

Sometimes closing a foot or two and then dropping back, the great birds cruised easily along the lace-like fringe of surf edging the orange beach. Very cautiously I kept pace, 55 miles an hour showing on the A.S.I. There is usually a noticeable error at the slow-speed end of such an instrument, but the figure indicated is a good enough guide to show that a swan flies exceptionally fast. That this is true can also be deduced from the manner in which the bird lands and becomes air-borne. For both a considerable distance is required, even in a marked breeze, which implies that the minimum speed is high. The wing loading is greater than that of any other British bird, and a long time is therefore required to accelerate to the slowest speed at which flight is possible—and an equally marked period to lose it, even when water friction is assisting as a brake during alighting. A high minimum speed means that the normal speed of flight is proportionately increased above the average of other birds', since it is necessary to have a safety margin of speed above the stall.

With such a fast-flying bird I was easily able to hold a steady course at a speed well above my machine's stalling point. Minute after minute slipped by as the swans cruised along the shore's edge. Within five minutes they had passed the Swannery. I imagined they must be going to follow the crescent beach to Weymouth, near its remote end, where others of their breed nested in the Backwater. But I was wrong.

Almost immediately they stopped flapping. Wings were held arched and steady. They were gliding. For a few seconds they held their course, and then abruptly swung right-handed out to sea. Out to sea! I was astonished: then I realised they were heading into wind. Surely they were not going to alight? Yes! A hundred yards from the shore—where the waves were smoother—first one and then the other broke a thin line of foam as it skimmed the surface. Tail expanded and flexed full down, wings held stiffly forward with tip feathers wide-spread, they were sliding over the sea—and then they had touched down, were stationary and folding their wings. Half an hour later I returned and found the two swans still unconcernedly floating on the sea.

Though in later years I have many times flown over the Chesil Beach, never again have swans been found actually on the sea, though the brackish waters of the Fleet alongside have been clustered with them.

Indeed, only on one other occasion have I ever been able to follow swans for a

short distance, and then they flew much higher.

Dusk was shadowing the hills. The evening air was still as a mill-pool as I headed for home after an aerial visit to photograph the huge earthen ramparts of Maiden Castle, two miles from Dorchester. As my aeroplane crossed the River Frome, a little to the north-west of that town, I saw a couple of swans following the stream towards the high ground above Maiden Newton.

I turned sharply away in a circle, losing speed, picked up the white of the birds fairly easily, and followed. They were almost in line astern, perhaps 30 yds. apart, and dead above the tree-fringed river.

Since it would soon be dark, although moon-lit, and the home aerodrome was some little distance yet, I dared follow only a few miles. There was also the difficulty that this particular aeroplane was not my usual one and too fast, so I had to keep turning to avoid overtaking. Nevertheless, what followed was interesting, for the two birds slowly climbed and climbed above the steadily rising ground until they were about 1,000 ft. as shown on my altimeter. At this height they appeared to level-off, and continued flapping steadily away as they headed towards Toller Down on the plateau above Beaminster.

Soon I reluctantly turned away, but for a few seconds more it was possible to watch the flicker of white wings, until they blended into the evening's misty blueness.

Some years later I was sailing on a lake near Chard, in Somerset. Flocks of duck dotted the water, together with gulls and several pairs of swans. From time to time they would be disturbed, as we tacked across the lake, and a cloud of birds would take the air. Presently the mournful cry of the gulls was interrupted by a heavy splashing and the whistle of great wings as two of the swans laboured to take off, skimmed free of the smooth surface, and circled low over the lake. Then up they went, climbing hard, and swung away over the tall pines grouped on the rising ground of the eastward bank.

My companion stared after them. He puffed contemplatively at his pipe. "I wonder where they're going?"

Suddenly I remembered those other swans of an autumn evening's flight: how they had climbed as they flew westward towards the hills.

"I can give a guess," I replied. "When we get home I'll show you on the map."

It was rather intriguing when a line had been drawn from the lake to Dorchester. It covered some 25 miles of broken country. The highest ground was 800 ft. high. I saw again the purposeful flight of the two birds as they swept on in the dusk. How likely, it seemed, that they had been climbing steadily to top the range of hills that barred the way to the lake. Flying at nearly a mile a minute they would arrive in the deeper dusk, but with moonlight to illuminate all the surface of the lake for their landing.

Since the birds we had watched from the boat were heading on the reciprocal course of those I had seen from the air, it seems possible that this may be one of the regular trackways of the swans when changing feeding grounds. I wonder if any observer on the Beaminster hills has ever watched swans fly over.



**EAST OF THE DORSET COAST OVER WHICH THE SWANS' FLIGHT WAS OBSERVED**

# CORRESPONDENCE

## THE SPEED OF SNAKES

SIR,—I recently attended an Army lecture on reptiles, where the lecturer stated that no known snake could travel faster than 3½ miles per hour.

Doubting this, I got into touch with two leading authorities, and asked them: "How fast can the fastest snake travel, over a short distance?"

In their replies, one states that the African black mamba can move at 30 m.p.h., and the other that the western whip snake can move at only 3 m.p.h.

It seems extraordinary to me that different authorities should have such different views.

Can anyone explain the apparent discrepancy?—F. R. PERKINS (Major), *Cavalry Club, London*.

## PRESERVING BEAUTY

SIR,—If, "in the coming years of the battle between amenity and utility," (as a recent Editorial note puts it), some vestiges of decency and beauty are to be preserved, it is urgently essential, while there is yet time, that the many small energetic societies are striving to ensure this should

there could be no doubt about its identity.—A. VAN OSS (aged 13), *Old Rectory, Waterperry, near Wheatley, Oxfordshire*.

## PICTURESQUE NOTE-PAPER

SIR,—There has recently come to me some family scrap-books. In them are many engravings taken from the top of the front pages of letter-paper.

It seems to me to have been a charming custom to reproduce your house in picture form on the letter-paper.

It enables the guests to send home without any bother a perfect description of the place where they are staying. As one guest put it: "Above you see depicted the home at which I have just arrived." It was not only a charming custom but a splendid way of telling us, and future generations, what our country seats and provincial towns looked like a hundred years ago or so. Of the examples I send that of New College is inscribed as published by Dewe, Oxford; that of Hartwell House, Rook & Co. London No 207. I. Atchison del.

I do not know when this custom of using pictorial letter-paper came in or when it went out. Most of the examples I have seem to date from

## NEEDLEWORK PICTURES ON PAPER

SIR,—The needlework pictures on paper described by Lady Mount Temple in *COUNTRY LIFE*, July 28, are probably examples of "colifichets," a type of embroidery said to have originated in Italy, but produced at the Convent des Visitandines at Loudun.

The work is alike back and front, and was intended to be put between glass or used as a book-marker.

Colifichets are mentioned in Symonds and Preece's *Needlework Through the Ages* and also in the July, 1914, number of the periodical *Needle and Thread* which contains a photograph of a beautiful flower-piece, the size of the original not being stated.—G. E. RUSSELL, 14, *Westfield Road, Western Park, Leicester*.

## THE FRIENDLY KINGFISHERS

SIR,—The kingfisher has always seemed to me a very shy bird, but yesterday we had an instance to the contrary. We keep a couple of budgerigars in a cage by an open window and when the lady of the house came down to breakfast she heard them screaming and found a young but fully fledged kingfisher

I then caught two grayling and one trout and returned home as proud and happy as any primeval man ever did after a successful chase.—J. FITZPATRICK LEWIS (Squad. Ldr., R.A.F.V.R.), *Culmington Manor, Craven Arms, Shropshire*.

## CHURCH IN A COW-HOUSE

SIR,—An interesting letter in *COUNTRY LIFE* of July 28 about old ox stables at Allington, Wiltshire, used as a church brings to mind that this is not an unusual custom in South Wales.

The village of Llanboidy in Carmarthenshire, which was part of the large estate of Maesgwynne, had a church in a cow-house for a long time before the present church was built.—L. WAITE, 29, *Princes Street, Yeovil, Somerset*.

## THE CUCKOO ON THE NEST

SIR,—The question as to whether a cuckoo lays her egg on the ground and afterwards places it in the nest of the foster-parents or whether she actually lays it sitting on the nest has long been a point of interest and controversy among naturalists. This year we have been privileged to witness



OLD NOTE-PAPER ILLUSTRATIONS AND (right) ONE OF THE PRESENT DAY

See letter: Picturesque Note-paper

combine their forces in one powerful army of resistance.

Working singly, they are useless against the colossal wealth and organisation of the Goths and Vandals, the syndicates and their ignorant dupes, the local councils. These people are ready as soon as the final "all clear" sounds to rush in and complete their campaign of prefabricated horror before anything can be done to prevent it.—JAMES THORPE, *Dean Prior, Buckfastleigh, South Devon*.

## RARE BUTTERFLIES AND MOTHS

SIR,—One sunny day recently when out for a ramble, I noticed in an old disused quarry near Stroud, Gloucestershire, a quantity of Bath white butterfly (*Pontia Daplidice*). On this occasion a variety of specimens were observed, being mainly those of the male sex.

The Bath white is an immigrant of the Continent; a rare specimen is seen mainly during the latter part of July and the beginning of August in southern England.

Owing to the humidity of our climate the Bath white is unable to survive the autumn dampness.—F. COLLET, *Stroud, Gloucestershire*.

SIR,—In reference to the article in *COUNTRY LIFE* of July 28, on rare hawk moths, I thought it might interest you to know that at about 5.30 in the evening on July 27, just before a heavy thunderstorm, I saw a humming-bird hawk moth feeding on the flowers in our annual border. I was very close to it and

1840 to 1860.—A. G. WADE (Major), *Ash Cottage, Bentley, Hampshire*.

[This pleasant practice was showing signs of revival before the war. As a contemporary example we reproduce, by permission of Sir Osbert Sitwell, the view of Renishaw Hall designed for his notepaper by the late lamented Rex Whistler. Captain Whistler's recent death in action deprives art and innumerable friends of a gay, delightful, irreplaceable spirit. He designed several pictorial notepaper headings for friends, applying to these trifles the careful skill and delicate charm characteristic of original examples and of all his work.—ED.]

## DURHAM FROM THE STATION

SIR,—I want to add one more voice to the chorus raised for the salvation of the threatened view of Durham from the station. I have never forgotten my first view of it. It was in 1918 and I was returning to camp in Alnwick, going up on the night train from York. I had been asleep and woke up only at Durham station. Opening my eyes I saw such a view that I fancied, half-bemused by sleep, that I had reached the Heavenly City, for there, against the dawn sky, was that glorious cathedral and the castle for its guard.

What could make up for the ruin of such national treasure as that view! Every traveller through Durham would be the loser.

I must thank you for the recipes for samphire. Having them I served an appreciative guest with samphire sauce with corned-beef last Sunday.—WINIFRED VERSCHOYLE, *Dublin*.

perched on the top of the cage. His long beak must have frightened the snub-nosed little fellows inside. She picked up the kingfisher, who allowed her to stroke him and made no attempt to escape, though not restrained in any way, and finally when put down on the grass lawn by the river that flows at the end of the garden he walked away for a few steps before taking flight across the stream, probably to the parental nest. At close quarters one could appreciate the beauty of his gorgeous colouring better than when he flashes past in a split second.—P. H. CARTER, *Guy's Court, Mill Street, Warwick*.

SIR,—I recently had an experience which, if not unique, must at any rate be very rare.

The owner of the fishing rights on the Corve near here had very kindly granted me permission to try for a trout.

My day up to five o'clock had been blank, and these days of rations made the situation all the more gloomy.

Suddenly my day was made. I was fishing a very slow run (dry fly) and watching my fly pass over the spot where a fish had just risen, when there was a slight bump on my rod and to my delighted surprise a kingfisher in all his glory was sitting on my rod about 2 ft. from my hand.

Luckily I hadn't jumped, and I kept perfectly still, and he stayed for what must have been half a minute.

He looked up-stream, he looked at me, and if ever I was told that I was a bad fisherman by one who is a master of the art his expression certainly gave me that impression.

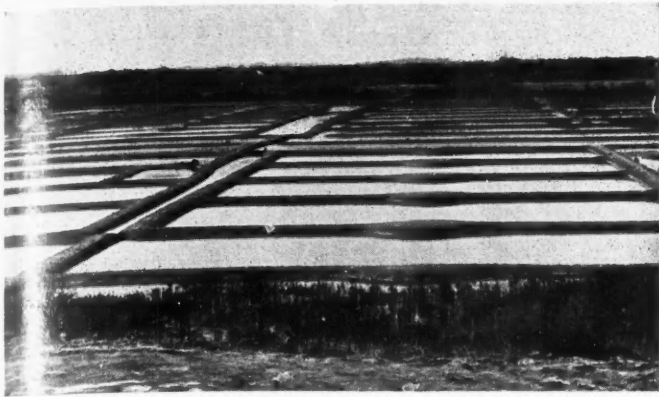
that one cuckoo, at all events, adopts the latter method.

On the evening of June 2 we observed a female cuckoo making frequent and persistent attacks on the nest of a pair of flycatchers. The nest is in full view in the creeper on the side of a wall, and for some time the cuckoo made ferocious efforts to get to it. Each time the intruder came near, however, the flycatchers—and several other small birds—opposed her valiantly. The cuckoo answered by opening her beak wide and hissing at them. From our position 10 yds. away we could easily see the vivid vermilion of the inside of her beak, and it was perfectly clear that she was carrying nothing in her mouth.

Eventually, after repeated attempts, the cuckoo succeeded in catching hold of the creeper and very soon she worked herself along to the nest. In full view of the four of us she then settled herself on it. She remained there for some 15 seconds, then seizing one of the two flycatcher's eggs already in the nest, flew off with it in her beak.

We went immediately to investigate and sure enough we found the nest to contain the one remaining flycatcher's egg and the far larger, grey-speckled egg of the cuckoo.

The type and position of a nest must obviously have much to do with the method by which the cuckoo deposits her eggs, for in many cases her size would not permit her to adopt the one just described. The fact that she did actually sit on the nest in this instance, however, is proof at least that she doesn't always carry her eggs there in her beak, and it is interesting



SALT MARSHES IN BRITTANY



LOADING UP CRUDE SALT FOR THE REFINERIES

See letter: Salt Industry in Brittany

to note that the foster-parents were actually aware of, and strongly resented, the whole proceeding.

We should be glad to know if any of your readers can supply further information on this subject.—ANTHONY C. WILSON, J. P. GOUGH, J. S. DAVIES, R. C. HOBDAV, *North Perrott Manor, Crewkerne, Somerset.*

[We are pleased to publish this excellent account of a cuckoo's laying, which is a fine supplement to Mr. Chance's classic description.—ED.]

### THE SALT INDUSTRY IN BRITTANY

SIR,—The enclosed pictures of salt marshes in Brittany near La Beule may be of interest to your readers. They were taken in 1938 when I was in that part of France on business.

As you know, in pre-war days salt was a Government monopoly. I do not know how the wind blows to-day!—E. H. E. PIZEY, *Denham, near Uxbridge, Middlesex.*

### CORNISH ROOF FIGURES

SIR,—In an old copy of COUNTRY LIFE there is a letter entitled *Cornish Roof Figures*. It refers to the little horsemen to be seen on many of the Cornish roofs.

At one time I lived in a house in Marazion which had a cup or bowl on the roof. The local residents said that these figures were placed there by loyalists who wished to help King Charles I in his time of need. The horseman showed that the householder was willing and able to accommodate the King and his horse; the bowl showed that food was available.

Congratulations on the high standard kept up by COUNTRY LIFE throughout these dark days. It is indeed a salutary refuge from war.—DOROTHEA LEECHMAN, *Headley, Newbury, Berkshire.*

### VALE OF CLWYD CHURCHES

SIR,—May I suggest that the "two-naved" type of church of the Vale of Clwyd may have been built for the storage of wool? At Aberdarrw, Llyn Peninsula, Carnarvonshire, there is a two-naved type of church on the beach, and I was told, by one who knows the district, that one nave was always used for the storage of wool in days gone by.

I know of two other churches in the Llyn Peninsula of this type, one dating back 1,000 years, Llangwywell. I do not know the date of Llaniestyn, of which I send a photograph.—AMY E. PHILLIPS, *Vrondeg Hall, near Wrexham, Denbighshire.*

### FUN OF THE FAIR

SIR,—Following your recent references to the Fun of the Fair, you might be interested in this photograph, taken a few years before war caused so many fairs to be discontinued temporarily, at the Trinity Fair, Southwold, Suffolk. It shows some young customers at the winkle stall with a palisade of Southwold Rock in the background. As its

name implies, the Fair takes place on the first Monday after Trinity Sunday and lasts for two days. No caravan or wagon is allowed to cross the bridge which is the one entrance into the town until after evensong on Sunday evening. As it is held under a Charter of Henry VII, it is officially opened by the Mayor, accompanied by the High Steward, Corporation, etc. and the ceremony concludes with these

### THE VALUE OF PASTEURISATION

From the Earl of Portsmouth.

SIR,—In your footnote to my letter published on July 28, you say you cannot follow my distinction between the "pontifical statements of scientism" and "the accurate judgment of genuine science."

I think it would be fair to say

the opportunity of seeing Professor Wilson's figures completely turned round against himself.

I do not dispute the fact that the councils of many scientific associations in this country support Pasteurisation, but that does not necessarily stand for more than a majority of their members and certainly excludes many highly qualified medical experts and research workers. It is only necessary to state that Pasteur himself was at one time condemned by most of the scientific bodies "qualified to express an opinion." But my main point was that the figures quoted in your leading article about milk-borne disease in U.S.A. could hardly be impressive when taken with their background as a support for Pasteurisation.—PORTSMOUTH, *Farleigh House, Farleigh Wallop, Basingstoke, Hampshire.*

[Only a few score people are killed by lightning every year, but we have never heard that quoted as an argument against lightning conductors. The figures in the U.S. report speak for themselves and we have no wish to exaggerate their significance. But Lord Portsmouth must forgive us for reminding him that they should be taken not in relation to the total population, but only to that part of the population which drinks raw milk—a percentage appreciably smaller than that in this country. The real importance of the Report, as our note pointed out, lies in the conclusion reached independently by the Public Service Department, and supporting the view of all organised scientific opinion in this country, that "no raw milk can be guaranteed as safe." We have seen Mr. Bibby's report and do not share Lord Portsmouth's view of it: we hope to publish a detailed examination of it in due course. Lord Portsmouth is mistaken in thinking that we printed an article by Professor Wilson some months ago (as a Civil Servant he is not free to write for the Press), but we agree that the Professor's book is an authoritative statement of the case for Pasteurisation.—ED.]

### THE HERON AND THE KITTENS

SIR,—Some little time ago I witnessed an unusual incident. A handsome tabby cat had produced a litter of five kittens in a snug recess near the base of a haystack. Her owner's intention was that the kittens should attain maturity, for several of the farm-yard's cats had died from poisoning and there was an appreciable increase in the rat and mouse population.

However, a bird had other plans. The stackyard was situated quite near to a canal path, and in the early morning hours, the spot was visited by a heron which had frequented the neighbourhood for a considerable time. The bird was noticed to show an interest in the cat and her movements on several successive days.

One morning, I waited in a carefully selected hiding-place, and saw the cat, as was her wont, leave her



THE WINKLE STALL AND A PALISADE OF SOUTHWOLD ROCK

See letter: The Fun of the Fair

dignitaries riding on the flying ostriches while the organ plays "Abide with me" or some other equally appropriate tune.

A luncheon follows at the Town Hall, where syllabubs are served, a fact which should interest Mr. Ivor Brown, who in his recent book on words queried both the composition of this delectable food and its survival to-day.—T. M. H., *Crix, Hatfield Peverel, Chelmsford, Essex.*

that Professor Wilson's book in support of Pasteurisation (an article from whose pen on the same subject you published some months ago), is taken as one of the authoritative works in this country by the Pasteurisation school. If your readers were to peruse a pamphlet which has just come into my hands, written by Mr. John P. Bibby and published by Staples and Staples, Limited, of Great Smith Street, they would have



A TWO-NAVED CHURCH AT LLANIESTYN, CARNARVONSHIRE

See letter: Vale of Clwyd Churches



ENGLISHMEN WHO WEAR TAILS

See letter: *The Turnip-seed Gatherers*

litter to receive her ration of cat's meat at the farm-house door. Herein lay the heron's opportunity. No sooner was the cat out of sight than the bird walked through a hole in the hedge, strode swiftly to the cavity in the haystack, and adroitly lifted one of the kittens by the nape of the neck. The little creature uttered a plaintive cry; but the mother-cat was out of hearing. The cries were not prolonged. Dropping the kitten on the ground, the heron delivered a series of vigorous blows with its strong, sharply pointed bill, then gulped the small limp body in its entirety. It was about to return for another victim when a dog came bounding along the path. The bird uttered a hoarse croak and flew away.

The owner of the cat, being informed of what had taken place, removed the remaining kittens to a safe place, where they grew up without further molestation. For several days after the incident narrated, the heron visited the spot, and once I saw it peering intently into the recess which, previously, had been occupied by the cat and her litter.

At a later date, the heron was shot by a man who required a stuffed

a kitten, for the sufficient reason no doubt that kittens do not usually get in the way of herons.—Ed.]

### THE TURNIP-SEED GATHERERS

SIR,—It is so seldom that one comes across men with tails that when I discovered two such creatures working in an Essex field, I was quite disappointed to learn that the tails were only bunches of strings used for tying up sheaves. Passers-by were laughing, and certainly the idea of wearing the strings in this peculiar fashion does seem strange at first. But having tried my hand (cutting and tying turnip seed) at the men's invitation, I can assure any doubters that this is the only practical position. Carried in any other way, the strings can be a maddening nuisance. Trust the practical-minded countryman to solve the problem by putting convenience before appearance!—L. J. HEAVERMAN, *Winchmore Hill, N.21.*

### MEMORIES OF BUCKLERSHARD

SIR,—Many people know the pretty old red brick house at Bucklershard, Hampshire. It is now a comfortable little hotel, but few perhaps are familiar with its rather eventful history. It was one of the houses built by Ralph, Duke of Montagu, for his tenants, the builders of the wooden ships of war that were being made at Bucklershard, a tiny hamlet on his estate, out of oak trees of the Forest that encircled this same estate and were a valuable part of it. This was the most important house at Bucklershard, for it was the home of the brothers Adam—the Master Builders. Two centuries after the hammers were silent and the yards had disappeared, only the deep "slips" remained showing where once the

Mrs. Adam's plain cake and boiled eggs were very welcome, and in winter her cottage was pleasantly warm. In her youth the great wooden ships used to come up the river still, ships from the Indies laden with raw sugar. She remembered how on one occasion, during the landing of a cargo, a barrel fell and broke, and how the children, of whom she was one, scrambled with mugs and cups to catch the molasses. One by one the old people have gone and there is no one left now to tell at first hand these stories of the palmy days of Bucklershard.—DOROTHY HAMILTON DEAN, *The Hollies, Buckfastleigh, Devon.*



COLSTON BASSET CHURCH, DELIBERATELY MADE A RUIN

See letter: *The Fate of an Old Church*

### THE FATE OF AN OLD CHURCH

SIR,—A stranger visiting Colston Basset, Nottinghamshire for the first time might think that the old church of St. Mary has, like many other fine buildings, suffered as a result of enemy action. He would be wrong in coming to that conclusion.

The present sorry condition of the building, which stands on a hill to the north-west of the village, is due to a decision which must surely be unique in church history, for this ancient church was deliberately allowed to be unroofed and made a ruin in 1892 when a new church was erected in the village in a position more convenient for the majority of the parishioners.—A. W. BULL, *Beeston, Nottinghamshire.*

### A PETREL VISITOR ON BOARD

SIR,—The letter in *COUNTRY LIFE* of July 14 about stormy petrels coming to a ship 700 miles from land recalls a somewhat similar experience of this bird's fearlessness in certain circumstances.

Many years ago H.M.S. *Barracouta* was midway between Lourenço Marques and the Seychelles when one of these dainty little creatures alighted on the quarter-deck. Making no effort to escape, it allowed me to pick it up. Thinking that it was exhausted for want of food or drink, I took it down to the ward-room, and we made it swallow some raw meat and condensed milk.

We then took it on deck and threw it into the air, but, after fluttering about for a while over the wake of the ship, it again came to rest on board. Twice

more it was caught and thrown up, but only to return. On the third occasion, as it was now getting dark, we decided to give it lodging for the night. So we took it back to the mess and, selecting the engineer's cap as being the most time-honoured and collapsible, we placed the bird in it and put both inside the ward-room soup-tureen. A small gap was left in the top for access of air.

Next morning the little guest was bright and lively, but we insisted on its partaking of breakfast on similar lines to its previous night's supper. Again we liberated it, and this time Mother Carey's chicken skimmed away

over the waves, and we saw it no more.—CHARLES H. BEADNELL (Surgeon Rear Admiral), *Totwyn, Merionethshire.*

### THE HUDD

SIR,—In Odiham Church, Hampshire, is a hudd, a graveside shelter for a parson.

These movable shelters were used in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries by clergymen officiating at burials. There is one at Deeping St. James, Lincolnshire, fitted with metal sides to be carried after the manner of a sedan chair. Another, at Silverton, Devon, has a lower half-door to give more protection. At Ivychurch, Kent, an actual sentry-box was used. Others were made with wheels. Dickens referred to one in *The Curate* (*Sketches by Boz*). Another alternative was to provide the parson with an outsize in umbrellas.—F. R. W., *Bristol.*



MRS. ADAM'S COTTAGE AT BUCKLERSHARD

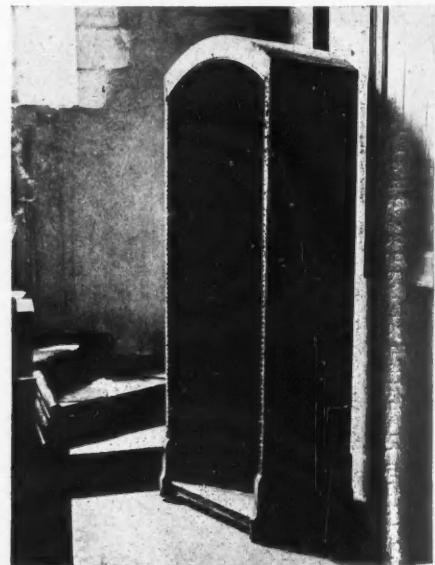
See letter: *Memories of Bucklershard*

specimen for his private museum. A portion of its body was offered to the cat and her charges, by now half grown cats. Both mother and children devoured it eagerly, but afterwards were violently sick. Heron's flesh is stated to be a test for even the strongest of digestions!—CLIFFORD W. GREATOREX, *Workshop.*

[Heron, as is well known, make short work of water-voles, young ducks, etc., but this is the first time we have heard of a heron attacking

ships had been moored and the house had lost its significance, though still preserving its old-world charm.

The brothers Adam have left their name behind them. There are still Adams in Bucklershard, or were a few years ago. Mrs. Adam was 94 when she died; she was a great friend of mine and it used to be a treat to go to tea in her cottage and hear stories of the long ago when she was young. We were hungry after a walk through the woods from Beaulieu,



THE HUDD IN ODIHAM CHURCH

See letter: *The Hudd*

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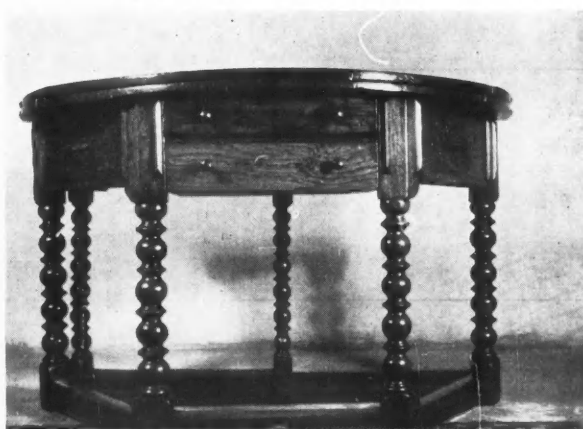
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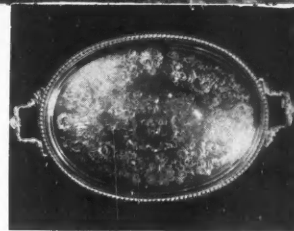
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8.9% say "fairly easy", "nothing extraordinary" or "the usual".

5.3% say "easy" with certain qualifications.

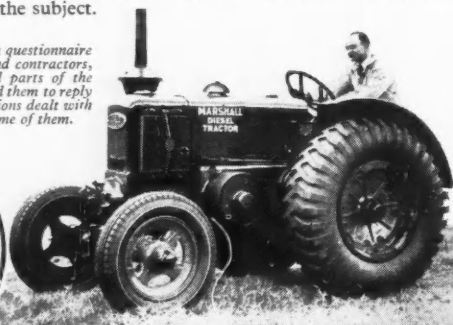
3.6% say "minor difficulties".

12.6% did not find it easy.

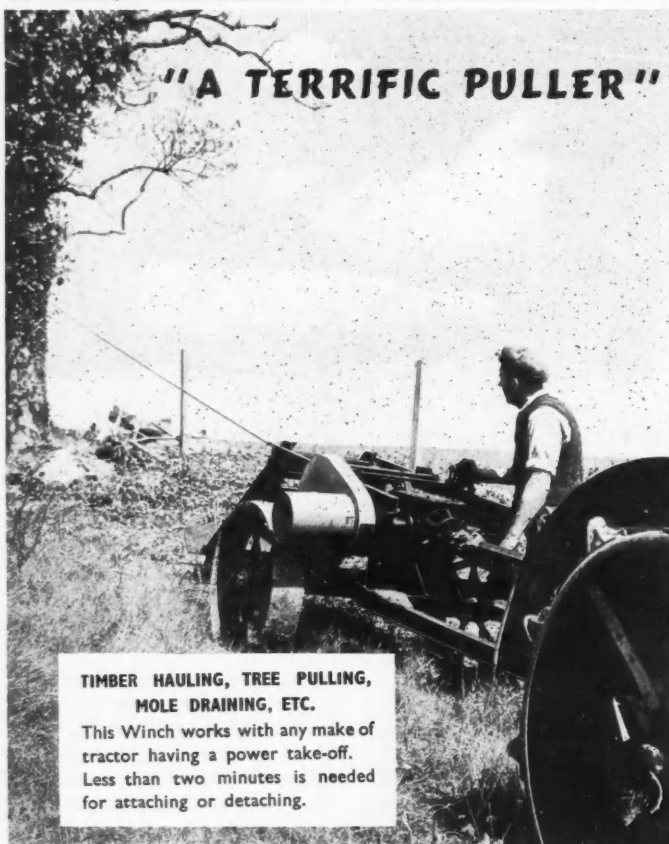
Our object of investigation was not to gather bouquets—we were seeking information. We have now had proof that the extreme simplicity of the two-stroke single-cylinder Marshall Diesel unit results in a substantial saving of time, labour and trouble.

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NOTE. Recently we sent a questionnaire to a number of farmers and contractors, picked at random from all parts of the United Kingdom, and asked them to reply to 21 questions. The questions dealt with in this advertisement are some of them.



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## FARMING NOTES

# THE PROFIT ON PEAS

GROWING peas under contracts seems to be a paying job on the right soil when the weather, too, is right. Cut by the horse mower, the peas are immediately put into small heaps to dry and turned gently every other day until they are fit to stack or to thresh in the field. All depends on the weather. A dry week may give a first-class sample that will bring in £30 or more to the acre. A wet week when the peas are fit to cut may result in a discoloured lot and much shedding, reducing the return by half. The war-time shortage of meat has led to a much increased consumption of the vegetable proteins, peas and beans. Personally, I do not find packet peas very appetising, but they are filling.

\*\*\*

IN the local newspaper a farmer is advertising for a single-horse hay-mower suitable for cutting kale. Unquestionably this is the most economical way to handle kale. It is a first-class feeding crop from October until the New Year, but cutting by hand is a tedious and expensive business. If the kale is left unthinned in the rows or broadcast, the stems do not grow coarse and the crop can be cut by a horse mower, a swathe or two each day. The man takes his horse and cart to the kale field, hitches into the mower and then into the cart again to load the cut kale. This practice will only answer on reasonably dry ground. I would not recommend it for sticky clay, but this is hardly the soil to be on in winter, anyway.

\*\*\*

THERE are some good pieces of lucerne to be seen this summer. This is a crop that has never caught hold strongly in this country, a lack which Americans notice and ask why. Some farmers, myself included, have tried lucerne in the past but without much success. The seed was inoculated in due form and trouble taken with the cultivations, but for some reason the plant was not good enough to leave. Yet lucerne, strongly established, either pure or in a mixture with cocksfoot and timothy grasses, can be extraordinarily productive, yielding three and more good cuts of highly nutritious fodder during the summer. This can be fed green in a dry time or made into hay. I think the war agricultural committees should carry out trials with lucerne in every district to see if we cannot overcome by experience the difficulties that have so far made this crop seem beyond the grasp of most farmers.

\*\*\*

SHALL we get a premium on the richness of milk? There has been a hint of it from the Government. I am thinking of butter-fat content. This is not covered by the accredited bonus now given to those who have conformed to the requirements of the sanitary inspector. Accredited milk is really a farce. If a reasonable standard is established for the housing, equipment and hygiene on a dairy farm, which we can hope for under a national system of licensing dairy herds, that will be enough. Milk cannot be sold from farms that are not licensed. The criterion on this score should not be the layout of the buildings or the equipment but the keeping quality of the milk and, eventually, freedom from any suspicion of the germs of tuberculosis. The milk-testing service established since the war on a national scale provides a regular check on keeping quality. Then the guarantee of 4d. a gallon premium for T.T. milk is a great encouragement to get herds clear of

tuberculosis. We could and should at the same time take steps to encourage the production of rich milk. A good cream line is a great selling point with the consumer. Standardised milk with the bare minimum requirement of butter-fat and other solids is a flat product that the consumer accepts because there is nothing better. Until recently some of the dairy companies gladly paid a premium of 1d. a gallon for Channel Island milk. They found this paid them. The bulking of milk at big collecting depots and the rationalisation of milk distribution has done away with this, and it is gallons that count at present.

\*\*\*

IT is, I know, argued that butter-fat can be bought more cheaply as butter or as margarine. That may be. But we all like creamy milk just as we all like prime beef. The farmer who provides what the consumer prefers should be able to get his reward. Now that all milk is tested for keeping quality regularly it would be a simple matter to extend the test to butter-fat and other solids and make a quarterly payment on the basis of this test as an addition to the gallonage payment. The big dairy companies and possibly, too, the Milk Marketing Board will argue for a standard product and a standard price, but if the consumer likes to buy something a little better and pay a little more it is surely sound salesmanship to cater for this demand.

\*\*\*

DELAY in taking delivery of the wool clip is causing some farmers difficulties in finding storage room for this and the fertilisers which are now being delivered for next season. The Ministry of Supply sent round a note saying that owing to transport congestion farmers must store their wool, keeping it in the dry and off a concrete floor. We know, too, that the Government have bought so much wool abroad that the accumulation is becoming embarrassing. But the farmer wants to get rid of his wool and to have his cheque. The local auctioneer who deals with our wool told me that he expects that the Ministry of Supply will take it off our hands in September. I hope the N.F.U. will keep a watch on this and get a firm undertaking from the Ministry of Supply that the clip will now be cleared quickly. The German news service, I see, reports that artificial wool is now being made from pine needles and fibre. It does not sound exactly kind to a sensitive skin.

\*\*\*

THE Minister of Agriculture is looking for a revival in sheep breeding and flock-masters have been urged strongly to keep their ewe lambs for breeding so that breeding flocks can gradually be increased again. The advice is sound enough. The country could do with more lamb and mutton. But there is little disposition among farmers who formerly kept sheep to start breeding flocks again. The shepherd has probably gone, and he is not an easy man to replace. I find, too, a good deal of reluctance to put sheep on to young leys. Many farmers have got firmly into their heads that cattle are the right stock for grazing maiden leys if a due proportion of clover is to be encouraged. Stock the leys with cattle by all means, but it is a fact that many of the new leys have an overabundance of clover in them which is causing digestive troubles and lowering milk yields unless the cows are managed carefully. I am a great believer in balanced stocking sheep as well as cattle.

CINCINNATUS

## THE ESTATE MARKET

## CITY RENTS AND PRICES

ONE of the most astute land valuers in the world has said that he considered the site value of land at the Bank and around St. Paul's was on the average from £3,000,000 to £4,000,000 an acre. The remark is quoted from the speech of a Labour Member on the Second Reading of the Town and Country Planning Bill. Anyone who has studied valuations of City sites and premises must have been a little surprised to see sites in the neighbourhood of St. Paul's associated in any statement of values nearer the Bank. But this question in the proper perspective it is well, for those whose acquaintance with City prices and rents is long enough to enable them to do so, to look back a good many years, when within a couple of hundred yards of the Bank there were practising a dozen of the acknowledged leaders of the valuers' profession. At that time transactions, of a magnitude not seen before or since, were taking place with a view to the acquisition of property for the purpose of rebuilding many important premises. The valuers, who would not have claimed to be "astute" but masters of their art, never named sums approaching those mentioned in the recent debate. Now and then, for reasons of a special nature, a price that worked out to an astonishing price per square yard might be paid for some small bit of property essential for a particular project.

Meanwhile, by way of rejoinder to the remark first quoted, the chairman of the City of London Real Property Company, Limited, offers to dispose of an acre or two of land "in a more valuable part of the City than around St. Paul's," exclusive of roads, at one-tenth of the price said to have been named by the Labour Member. In the near future there will be transactions in which the disclosed terms will reveal the extent of the variations between prices formerly paid and current market value. Certain parts of the centre of the City are likely to show a decreased site value, owing to what has been called "the westward trend," and other changes in the volume and channels of commerce. Pressure to get accommodation in the City has been much relaxed since large corporations have begun to prefer Westminster and other districts for their head offices, and considerable sections of the textile trades have moved to the West End. Paternoster Row is another area that may suffer a change through an outward move of the trades which were formerly congregated there.

## BRISK BIDDING

LINCOLNSHIRE still maintains a clear lead over every other county in respect of the aggregate realisations of agricultural land. It is always possible that agents, by the prompt circulation of notes of the results of negotiations or auctions, may convey a suggestion that business in their particular areas exceeds that elsewhere, but this is not so in Lincolnshire, as a comparison of sales in that county and those throughout the rest of England confirms. Among the reasons for the demand in Lincolnshire may be mentioned the proximity of good markets for produce, and above all the establishment of works for preserving vegetable crops. The character of the country, too, lends itself economically to mechanised cultivation. Recent sales include just over 90 acres in Market Deeping for £5,000; £43,000 for 340 acres in and near Whaplode; and other sales at about the same range of prices, all marked by strenuous competition. The home farm of 315 acres at Uffington fetched £12,200, at Stamford.

Essex farms just sold include 124 acres at Margaretting, near Chelmsford, for £7,000, and about 90 acres at Debden, for £3,000, possession being obtainable in both instances. A Berkshire freehold of 207 acres, in Woolstone, let at a little over £1 an acre, realised £5,000 under the hammer in Faringdon. Beaulieu Court Farm, Sunningwell, near Abingdon, 224 acres, with possession, has been sold for £11,900. Other sales in the same county are of 214 acres at Swallowfield, for £10,200, and broadly speaking, providing possession is offered, few farms in any part of the country have to be put back for private treaty. Even in the coastal area of Kent, at present deplorably exposed to enemy action, buyers can be found for large holdings up to roundly £14,000 or £15,000 each.

## MINERAL RIGHTS

CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, Cambridge, has just sold 600 acres on the Warwickshire and Oxfordshire border, seven miles from Banbury and 12 from Stratford-on-Avon. The estate, known as Upton, on the top of Edgehill, includes Uplands House in a miniature park, and five farms. The present rents, fixed long ago, are £660 a year, below the current value. Well placed though it is as a residential and farming property, there is hardly a doubt that much of its value is literally latent, in the form of beds of ironstone and Hornton stone. Ironstone ore is quarried in the neighbourhood. Sheepbridge Coal and Iron Company, Limited, have acquired the freehold, and they have requested Messrs. Bidwell and Sons to continue to manage the property for them.

## FISHING IN THE DEVERON

SALMON and trout fishing in five miles of the Deveron go with Huntly Lodge, an estate of 5,000 acres, 40 miles north-west of Aberdeen. The rental exceeds £2,100 a year. The house, in walled gardens, is approached through an avenue of beech and elm trees, and the estate is well wooded. Messrs. Fox and Sons have bought the property for a client, and in due course they will make an announcement regarding the re-sale. The Deveron rises on a mountain ridge in the western borders of Aberdeenshire, and streams flow into the Don and the Spey. Below Huntly it receives its two chief tributaries, the Bogie and, a few miles lower, the Isla. As a fishing river it is notable for brown trout, and the salmon fishing has been first-rate. Mr. W. L. Calderwood, in his work on Scottish rivers, says: "It should by nature hold plenty of fish at all seasons of the year." Pastoral scenery, rich woods and rocky glades mark much of the Deveron's course.

## FARMING VALUATIONS

TENANT-RIGHT valuation, both as regards methods and practice, is a matter of great importance to landowners and farmers. Apparently the practice is thought in some quarters to lack full accord with modern farming conditions. An effort is to be made by one or two of the professional bodies, representing the various sides of the landed interest, to secure greater uniformity in the prices of produce and cultivations and unexhausted values. The help of experts in the agricultural colleges will be sought on certain aspects of the problem.

It is suggested that only specialists should be retained to prepare schedules of dilapidations, and "that the system of liability could be altered, with rent adjustment, to put the whole onus of major repairs to buildings on the landlord." ARBITER.

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## NEW BOOKS

# THE WAR DEEPENS FAITH

ONE of the most hopeful  
currents of present-day  
thought, even if it is not  
yet strong enough to have  
much effect upon the form things  
to come will take, is that which  
emphasises the need to express conviction  
in conduct. Thousands of men and  
women have found in the war years a  
growing seriousness; they are clear that  
their convictions, religious, political, or  
even purely practical—for instance  
such a conviction as that somehow the  
Merchant Navy must have the fair  
deal which it deserves at the end of  
the war—should be translated into com-  
pelling action. Most of them, unfortunately,  
if naturally, are a little uncertain as to what  
that action should be, and as to  
how they as individuals are to take  
part in it. For them the Archbishop  
of Canterbury's new small book *The  
Church Looks Forward* (Macmillan,  
7s. 6d.) may provide, if not a definite  
scheme of action, at least a guide to  
the way of finding one. Dr. William  
Temple is, without a doubt, a leader  
of this school of thought; with none  
of those high-flown phrases, about the  
harm inflicted on our own characters  
by unfulfilled good impulses, to which  
psycho-analysts have accustomed us,  
he goes straight to the point, and sees  
such things as planning for peace—  
planning the balance of industrial and  
agricultural life, for instance—as part  
of the full implementation of Christian  
principles and exercise of Christian  
love.

### CHURCH AND POLITICS

There is a school of thought, and  
many good Churchmen belong to it,  
which holds that the sole concern of  
the Church of England, or of any other  
church, should be to form a body of  
men and women of certain principles,  
and to leave the application of those  
principles in the case of anything that  
may conceivably become a political  
question, for example social service,  
conduct of business, national morality  
in its legal aspect, to the individual,  
but Dr. Temple sees no such divorce  
between Church and daily life:

"It has, of course, always been  
recognised that the Church is called  
upon to lay down principles for the  
government of individual life. What  
has lately been questioned—though  
by no means always in the history of  
Christendom—is the right of the  
Church also to lay down principles for  
the conduct of great corporations of  
people—trade unions, employers'  
federations, national States and the  
like—and to exert its influence not  
only upon the way in which men and  
women behave in society, but upon  
the structure of society itself. But  
that division between the individual  
and the social groupings in which our  
lives are conducted is quite untenable.  
Our lives are social through and  
through. It is possible, no doubt, to  
lay excessive emphasis upon the social  
as against the individual, as also upon  
the individual as against the social

aspects of life; but the two are inti-  
mately bound together, and whatever  
touches human life, touches both."

His is an attitude that, carried  
into practice, may easily involve him  
and the Church in controversy: big  
business is not likely to agree that:

"The concern of the business man  
with efficiency in his business is a  
perfectly right concern; and no

amount of sheer  
idealism will com-  
pensate for misman-  
agement. That is  
entirely true, and in  
its own place im-  
mensely important;  
but in its own place.  
It is the second  
place, and not the  
first. The first place  
is the kind of human  
life which is being  
rendered possible, or  
it may be which is  
being made neces-  
sary, by the type of

economic system in which a man lives.  
And we shall, therefore, in any criti-  
cism of the economic system itself, not  
only start firstly by asking whether  
it is capable of producing a greater  
output than any other that can be  
devised, but always first by asking  
whether it is promoting the best type  
of human life and of human relation-  
ship, both within the economic process  
itself and outside it."

The Archbishop has plain things  
to say of our growing national dis-  
honesty and immorality, of our atti-  
tude to a conquered Germany, and  
many other matters which to many  
people are not directly the affair of the  
Church at all, but for myself I find this  
close connection between conviction  
and action stimulating, and surely it is  
only where principle comes second to  
self or party interest that it should  
alienate individuals or societies.

### A GIRL RIDES OUT

The new seriousness has a way  
of cropping up in quite unexpected  
quarters; one would not look for it  
in the story of a girl's ride across  
Canada even though it was begun  
just before the war closed in on  
Europe, but it is this deeper note  
which gives distinction to Miss  
Mary Bosanquet's *Canada Ride* (Hod-  
der and Stoughton, 12s. 6d.). It is  
a delightful book, a book of the  
open air, of horses, of the men and  
women who live on the edge of civilisa-  
tion, of the great plains and the moun-  
tains, of the changes of landscape, not  
only as the author rode on from east  
to west, but as the seasons changed,  
as autumn came on, perhaps more  
gorgeous in its colour and dramatic in  
its effects in Canada than anywhere in  
the world, and gave place to the snows  
of winter and the flowers of spring.  
Miss Bosanquet, to judge from the  
picture of her with her horse, is a more  
than pretty young woman, but though  
she had some harmless and under-  
standable proposals of marriage, as it  
were thrown at her, on her lengthy ride  
across a continent, she was as safe  
from anything less desirable as  
Thomas Moore's heroine in "Rich and  
rare were the gems she wore." Kind-  
ness and hospitality she met with in  
abundance, and new friends who  
became so dear that she spent the

Author of "The Georgian House"  
(102nd thou.)

## Frank SWINNERTON

A WOMAN IN SUNSHINE

Observer: "The practised hand of Mr.  
Frank Swinnerton is evident in both design  
and detail... here is a craftsman mov-  
ing with ease in his familiar element" 9/6

Author of "Scaramouche"  
(207th thou.)

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best Sabatini manner James Agate: "For  
sustained interest combined with sound  
historical scholarship I can recommend  
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Author of "The World is a Bridge"

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and memorable pages. A novel of high  
excellence 12/6

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manner, packed with incident and con-  
sistently interesting. Vivid descriptions of  
actions in the last great war contribute to  
an impressive and powerful story 12/6

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young girl who married a man many years  
older than herself. Written with delicacy  
and charm, it will compel much sympathy  
with many readers, and raise many  
questions 8/6

Author of "How to Forget"

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best—of excitement, movement and  
colour, there are plenty; the Moroccan  
background is convincingly presented" 8/6

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## Patricia ROBINS

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has a great future as a writer who will win  
a large and enthusiastic audience 8/6

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SOCIETY

## Eden PHILLPOTTS

THEY WERE SEVEN

In his new novel Mr. Phillpotts leaves the  
Devon scene and turns to Kent and murder  
—here is a story which will certainly  
appeal to all his readers 9/6

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winter with them, and thinks of theirs as her second home, but her journey was a test of real, hard physical endurance, courage and will power. Her two horses, Jonty and Timothy, are as clearly drawn as any characters in the book, with all their understanding, and with all their horse-nature limitations, with her own love for them and their ways, good and bad and, as, alas! horse-ways so often are, indifferent. This is one of the happiest and most truly restful books published recently, and none the less so that the new seriousness brings this young girl of the upper classes in our own country, where before the war such things were not often said, to write:

"The experience of life comparatively soon transcends the limits of that which can be proved. The experience of God is an experience of the spirit; for the reality of God is not waiting compact and producible, at the end of human argument. It is in a realm beyond the limits of language, beyond the laborious building of fact on fact, that we touch the Infinite."

#### ETERNAL TRIANGLE

An Archbishop might be expected to deal with life not only from a this-world angle, but to turn to fiction—possibly the truest mirror of current thought—we have a new novel by Pamela Hinkson, *Golden Rose* (Collins, 9s. 6d.), which derives very much of its charm and effect from its recognition of what Elizabeth Barrett Browning calls "things seen far away through fissures of the clay." It is a simple story, its plot one which has often been unrolled against Miss Hinkson's chosen background of the Indian scene. Clare Charters is lovely and lovable; her marriage is an affair of no very deep emotion. She meets another man and finds in him all she

#### Mr. Howard Spring is on holiday and will resume his articles next month

has missed in her husband. Here is the eternal triangle of which we have had more than enough in novels of Anglo-Indian life; they are full of lovely women somewhat in Clare's situation, and strong silent men of the pattern of her lover, Michael Fraser, and generally they end by some happy fatality—happy for them—with the lovers in each other's arms. I am inclined to think that Miss Hinkson's is very much more a story of real life, for, without long-drawn-out embraces or romantic rhetoric, these two, who know each other's hearts to the last beat, part and go their separate ways, and with no shadow on anyone's happiness save their own.

#### TWO BACKGROUNDS

It sounds a very slight story, but Miss Hinkson has used two backgrounds for it, and used them very brilliantly, and has passed many of the emotions of her characters through the clear crystal of a third mind watching them, and the result is a novel of great beauty. The two backgrounds have all the colour and life, the heat, the sand-storms, the loveliness of April evenings in Mholipur, where John Charters is British Resident, and Clare's dinner-parties, her frocks, her friends, are all very feminine, very familiar, very true to life. The second background is that of the State hospital, with its staff of French nursing nuns, its cool green rooms, its perpetual battle with sickness and death, its beauty of calm and reassurance, its life so different from that of most of the Europeans of Mholipur. The

third mind, crystal clear, true as a lens correcting the false vision with which most of us look at life, must indeed look when life becomes too hard for us, is that of Sister Françoise, the Mother Rectress of the hospital. Through her memories we see yet another world, that of a great Order of Religious working in France, the personalities of the women who control it, their sacrifices, their happinesses, the love between some of them that strengthens their hands for their work, the joys of faith and the pains of self-denial. The story reaches its dénouement in the moment when Clare in her bitter hour is comforted and made strong enough for her agony by Françoise, whose feet had walked the same hard way. It is almost strange, after a spate of novels which see life in the terms of this world only, to meet with one that takes it for granted that the hereafter is a fact to be considered in the days of here and now. The great English novelists of the past have explicitly or by implication accepted this, but in recent years it seems to have been the thing to write fiction which entirely ignores it. Very few men and women of our time can be living from day to day without some thought on such subjects, and it will be interesting to see whether the general run of fiction will once again present a more complete picture of the contemporary mind.

BRENDA E. SPENDER.

#### VERSE FOR THE TIMES

LOUIS UNTERMEYER, himself a poet and an American, has done his best with an odd commission bestowed upon him. He has written a biographical introduction to the 80 poems by Robert Frost in *Come In* (Cape, 7s. 6d.) for which we are grateful, and also a commentary on each poem for which, bluntly, we are not. To extract every plum from a cake, and offer the plums separately to visitors is no way to make the cake palatable; and to do this to Robert Frost, of all poets, is surely ludicrous, for never did a man write poetry more simply and forthrightly. Readers new to Robert Frost will do well to read the poems first, and return to the commentaries afterwards, if they wish. The selection itself is a good one, made from the seven volumes published by the poet since his youth. Here is a poet who farms, a farmer who writes poetry, a man whose object is to unite

My avocation and my vocation  
As my two eyes make one in sight.  
He does it. The impression left is always that of wholeness, sanity, balance. His influence, first felt 30 years ago by, for instance, Edward Thomas, has survived the trivialities of inter-war poetry, and has strengthened of late.

Squadron Leader John Pudney's poems, *Ten Summers* (The Bodley Head, 7s. 6d.), cover a transition period. Swayed in the early '30s towards the then fashionable obscurity and suppression of music, he has been taught by war to achieve his best effects in such grimly simple poems as *Nocturne: The Mess and For Johnny*.

It is John Pudney who, with Henry Treece, edits *Air Force Poetry* (The Bodley Head, 7s. 6d.). Out of 33 young poets represented, six are already dead: David Bourne, O. C. Chave, Timothy Corsellis, T. R. Hodgson, Gervase Stewart, J. B. Warr. All have promise, some have had time for fulfilment; one, Jules Roy, is a Frenchman and contributes in his own tongue one of the finest of the poems: *Prière pour des Pilotes Oubliés*. It is Gervase Stewart who, in lines written just before his death, speaks out for the dumb English who fight:

I burn for England with a living flame  
In the uncandled darkness of the night.  
V. H. F.

## ROSIE TODMARSH

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## CHOSEN POEMS

FREDERIC PROKOSCH

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LAURENCE EASTERBROOK is among Britain's leading agricultural writers. On the outbreak of war he was seconded to the Ministry of Agriculture for special work, which included editorship of the Ministry's weekly news service. Went to the

United States for the British Government (he was specially thanked for this work), addressed Mid-West farmers on British agricultural methods. Nowadays he is in much demand up and down Britain as a speaker.

He probably knows and cares more about farming, its problems and prospects, than any agricultural correspondent now writing. He has now resumed his whole time work as Agricultural Correspondent of the

## NEWS CHRONICLE

The News Chronicle is obtainable only by placing a regular order

# COUNTRY STAND-BYS

(Right) A Shetland cardigan that reaches well below the waist—canary yellow or sky blue. Debenham and Freebody

(Below) A waterproof poplin lined with a contrast in combinations of rust, grass green, wine and deep blue. Fifteen coupons. Harrods



PHOTOGRAPHS DENES



IT is a question of nine or fifteen coupons where waterproofs are concerned. The unlined take nine, the lined, in the Burberry tradition, take fifteen. The latter are often warm enough to act as winter coats, so they have a great advantage. On the other hand, the unlined mackintoshes plus a thick winter suit are warm enough for most days. Strong, fine materials of the best quality are still available for both categories, and the colour range is comparatively large. The classic dust-coloured waterproofed gabardine is no longer allowed its woollen lining but has a cotton plaid or a mixture of rayon and cotton instead, made in the same colours.

Shot gabardine in rust and a near khaki colour is lined, given easy tailored raglan sleeves and made into splendid Burberrys, carrying on the traditions of the famous house. Burberrys also show a few wool gabardines lined with poplin, with the same raglan sleeves and storm cuffs that can be buttoned up tightly. Smooth, proofed West of England cloths called Urbitor Coating, are cut straight from the shoulders with collars and sleeves like a man's. These coats are smart in a clerical grey that is nearly black and are half lined. Fawn mixtures are shown as well and some slate blues. The coats are light in weight, wear well because the material is so closely woven, and they will stand up to anything but continuous rain for a longish period.

The waterproofed poplin with contrasting lining that we have photographed from Harrods is made in a considerable range of colour combinations. There are a dark ivy-leaf green lined with rust, a rust lined with deep blue, and a deep blue and wine, and they come into the fifteen-coupon range. Among the nine-coupon contingent are rubberised artificial silk poplins in black and a large range of colours, some with detachable hoods. Pure silk waterproofs in black, mauve and a dark grey satin that looks like mercury are light in weight, *chic* for town. Thick cotton tweeds are checked like gingham and belted all round. The rubber underside picks up the predominant colour in the check; one in fawn, indigo blue and brown on white had a hood as well faced with the blue. Capes with hoods are made in oiled cotton in several colours and take nine coupons. Triangles for the head in oil

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*Spectator  
Model*



A side-laced Maceses model in Eton and Harrow blues, the pale used for the wedge and the sole casing

## THREE NEW SHOES

(Below) A Norvic utility court shoe in navy calf has latticed stitching, a square toe and bow



A Coles compere shoe with side lacing in cherry-red suede, the middle seam oversewn in black in the way a hand-stitched glove is worked

silk or cotton are not couponed; they can be tied into a cap with the ends as a peak or over the head like a fishergirl's. Thick proofed coarse canvas coats in rust, a straw colour or chestnut brown, have a belt that draws the coat into deep folds and are piped with pigskin or dark brown on the deep envelope pockets and revers. Shopping bags and hoods are made to match, and the coats are distinctly becoming. They are capable of standing up to considerable rain.

Waterproofed tweeds and suitings make some excellent three-piece outfits at Aquascutum of a jacket, slacks and skirt. The materials are warm without being too heavy, extremely serviceable in greys over-checked in green, red or blue. The jackets are cut on the easy lines of a man's suit with pockets inlet vertically or flapped plainly. Aquascutum are also showing chunky tweed jackets that take twelve coupons. These are not specially treated for rain, but are made in thick homespuns that stand up to almost anything and are charming in a soft grey-blue, or a yellow like a Lovat, when they are very easy to work into a wardrobe in a variety of ways. The same two colours are used for topcoats cut as plainly as a man's with neat revers, some fitting the figure, others hanging straight with a centre seam and vent down the back. The grey-blue is particularly good as a topcoat, for the colour fits in with anything and the material is almost as serviceable as camel; that is, though it is on the pale side, it wears clean.

that is allowed to be made. These are short, so if you have an old case, buy a refill instead of asking for a complete lipstick.

The bright clear "Cinnabar" red is also shown by Moygashel in their range of Winterweave fabrics. These canvas weaves have the warm handle of a wool and are heavy enough to be tailored into suits. The Moygashel called Glengariff is a herring-bone design that looks like a Saxony tweed and is made in mixtures of two browns or brown and oatmeal. Colours for the plains include indigo blue, a canary yellow, turquoise matrix, a grey-blue that they use with black, puce and clay red for vests and pipings. Billiard-table green is also a winning winter colour and shown a lot for short jackets, cardigan sweaters, as lining to black topcoats, and for jersey frocks. The British Colour Council name it blazer green. They give blues romantic names such as Moon Haze and Pine Blue, the latter a kind of greyed turquoise that looks well with the rich reddish browns.

P. JOYCE REYNOLDS.



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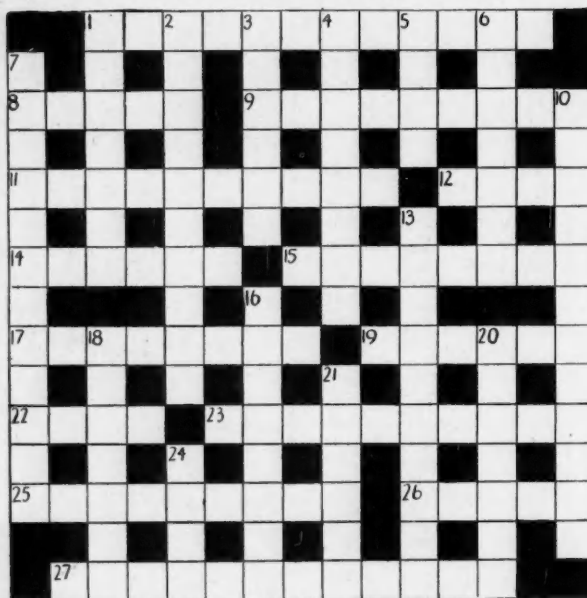
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## CROSSWORD No. 760

Two guineas will be awarded for the first correct solution opened. Solutions (in a closed envelope) must reach "Crossword No. 760, COUNTRY LIFE, 2-10, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2." not later than the first post on Thursday, August 24, 1944.

NOTE.—This competition does not apply to the United States.



Name.....  
(Mr., Mrs., etc.)

Address.....

**SOLUTION TO No. 759.**—The winner of this Crossword, the clues of which appeared in the issue of August 11, will be announced next week.

ACROSS.—1, French leave; 9, Mouth; 10, Under the lee; 11, Rosie; 12, Sheet; 15, Story; 17, Wet; 18, Snow; 19, Yokes; 21, Niche; 22, Maori; 23, Dance; 26, Myth; 27, Boa; 28, Thumb; 30, Reset; 33, Rooke; 35, Educational; 36, Inept; 37, Horatian ode. DOWN.—2, Ranch; 3, Niece; 4, Hats; 5, Exert; 6, Emery; 7, Puss in Boots; 8, Wheelwright; 12, Saint Martin; 13, Executioner; 14, Tweed; 15, Sty; 16, Roe; 20, Smear; 24, Ash; 25, Ebb; 28, Teeth; 29, Mecca; 31, Eloit; 32, Eland; 34, Etui.

### ACROSS.

- Somewhat fiery but elusive William from the marshes (4, 1, 3, 4)
- We can't make a start at supper! (5)
- Unclean sweep of the Wehrmacht favoured by Hitler? (4, 5)
- What a Grand Duchy holds (5, 5)
- Fairy who comes near to perish (4)
- He shows rather more than what his art is (6)
- One of those "that cheer, but not inebriate" (3, 2, 3)
- Pluto with her and it will cause Spenser to deprive him of his inheritance! (8)
- Concurred with what looks like a piece of covetousness (6)
- Bring matters to it, with or without its quarters (4)
- Equal to four farthings unadorned? (5, 5)
- "— — — — — no bananas!" (3, 2, 4)
- Puzzle (5)
- A cheery come-back, we hope, for the birthday celebrant (5, 7)

### DOWN.

- Turn 'up a cut paw? But, of course, the American owl hasn't one! (7)
- Discoverer of antiseptic treatment of wounds (4, 6)
- Loud speaker, perhaps! (6)
- Laughter-loving (8)
- Not quite swept (4)
- Old Nile's was Cleopatra (7)
- Miss Muffet's austerity meal (5, 3, 4)
- "I go—I come back"—here's the ins and outs of it! (4, 3, 5)
- Coarse, perhaps, but the writer shouldn't waste it (5, 5)
- A charming couple, no doubt, but not necessarily from the South of France (4, 4)
- Welsh town where a bird rides the ocean wave (7)
- Slips away (7)
- Under canvas? That's the purpose! (6)
- Subsequent whirlwind action of him who sows the wind (4)

The winner of Crossword No. 758 is  
Lt. R. N. Lowes, R.N.V.R.,  
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